

T H E
TEMPLE OF MIRTH:
A COLLECTION OF THE
S O N G S,

Which are most admired for **NOVELTY**, **PURITY**
of **SENTIMENT**, and **BRILLIANCY** of **WIT**:

Selected from all approved Collections, and particularly
from the following

FAVOURITE OPERAS,

Now Performing, viz.

SHERWOOD FOREST,
POOR SOLDIER,
AGREEABLE SURPRIZE
SON-IN-LAW,
CASTLE OF ANDALUSIA
DUENNA,
LOVE IN A VILLAGE,
MAID OF THE MILL,
LIONEL AND CLARISSA
THOMAS AND SALLY,

BEGGARS OPERA,
DESERTER,
CHAPLET,
MIDAS,
WATERMAN,
FLITCH OF BACON
DOUBLE DISGUISE,
PADLOCK,
COMUS,
DEVIL TO PAY,



INCLUDING

A Number of **SCARCE SONGS,**

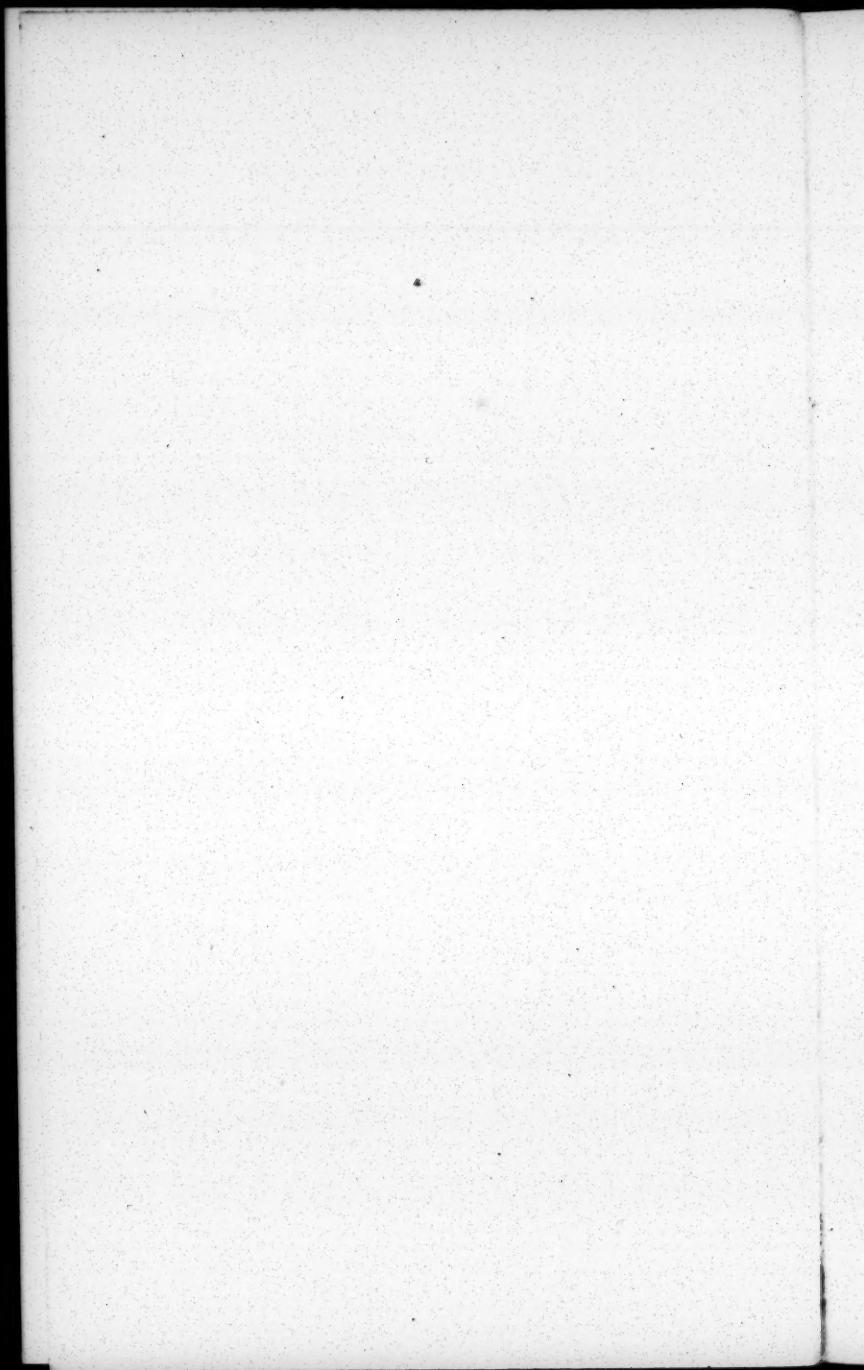
which have been Sung in private companies,

Never before Published.

D U B L I N:

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P R E F A C E.

IT has always, and, indeed, with too great a degree of justice, been lamented by the admirers of vocal excellence, and *genuine* wit, the impossibility of being provided with a Collection of Songs of acknowledged merit, without the intermixture of common street ballads, or those abounding with ribaldry and obscenity; which, being unexpectedly met with by the fair songstress, terminates in disgust, and is ever after fearful of a like obtrusion to offend her delicacy.—The collection here presented will be found totally free from such impurities; at the same time, drawing the distinction between the lively flashes of a sprightly imagination, and the rude production of a depraved taste, such are not excluded as may create a little social merriment, without crimsoning the cheek

of the chasteft fair-one with a blush.——
 The convivial companion will alfo find
 every thing to his wifhes ; every lively
 idea which the ‘cheerful glafs’ is capable of
 infpiring him with, will be here found
 beautifully expreffed, and adapted to the
 moft favourite airs.——All the fongs of
 merit, which have been lately fung at the
 theatres and places of public amufement,
 in London and Dublin, are alfo correctly
 copied, and the whole will appear, as a
 general collection, *superior* to any hither-
 to published.

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T H E
TEMPLE of MIRTH, &c.

S O N G S,
Sung in ROBIN HOOD, or SHERWOOD
FOREST.

G L E E.

I N Sherwood's grove,
The sweets of love,
We'll taste and drink till we're mellow ;
With dimpled smiles,
Sly winks and wiles.
Each lass will please her fellow,
Ranting,
Flanting,
Gay gallanting,
Such sport the like ne'er seen O !
Hey down derry, derry,
Merry maids and archers,
Tripping it on the green O.—

A I R.

Ye power's who make virtue your care,
 O bend from your bowers above;
 Say, why should distress and despair
 Be the constant attendants on love?

Should war with its wide-spreading force,
 Of nations the scourge and the curse,
 To ten-fold its rage be increas'd,
 The torments of lovers are worse.

Ye pow'rs who make virtue your care,
 O bend from your bowers above;
 Say, why should distress and despair
 Be the constant attendants on love?



D U E T.

The stag through the forest when rous'd by the
 horn,
 Sore frightened, high bounding, flies wretched,
 forlorn;
 Quick panting, heart bursting, the hounds now
 in view,
 Speed doubles, speed doubles, they eager pursue.
 But 'scaping the hunters, again through the grove's
 Forgetting past evils, with freedom he roves.
 Not so in his soul, who from tyrant Love flies,
 The shaft still remains, and despairing he dies.

A I R.

Hard beats her heart, her eyes pour tears,
 Corroding grief consumes her years ;
 No more she sports with damsels gay,
 But mourns in penance night and day.
 Love makes her happy for a while,
 And then, like thee, she'll cheerful smile ;
 But soon the willow binds her head—
 She mourns a lover from her fled.



B A L L A D.

I travers'd Judah's barren land,
 At Beauty's altar to adore ;
 But there the Turk had spoil'd the land,
 And Sion's daughters were no more.

In Greece the bold imperious mien,
 The wanton look, the leering eye,
 Bade Love's devotion not be seen
 Where constancy is never nigh.

From thence to Italy's fair shore
 I urg'd my never-ceasing way.
 And to Loretta's temple bore
 A mind devoted still to pray.

But there too Superstition's hand
 Had sickli'd ev'ry feature o'er,
 And made me soon regain the land,
 Where beauty fills the western shore ;

Where Hymen with cœlestial pow'r
 Connubial transport doth adorn,
 Where purest virtue sports the hour
 That ushers in each happy morn.

Ye daughters of old Albion's isle,
 Where'er I go, where'er I stray,
 O, Charity's sweet children, smile,
 To cheer a pilgrim on his way !



A I R.

Her hair is like a golden clue,
 Drawn from Minerva's loom :
 Her lips carnations dropping dew,
 Her breath is a perfume.

Her brow is like the mountain snow,
 Gilt by the morning beam :
 Her cheeks like living roses blow,
 Her eyes like azure stream.

Adieu my friend, be me forgot,
 And from thy mind defac'd ;
 But may that happiness be thine,

A I R.

As burns the charger when he hears
 The trumpet's martial sound ;
 Eager to scour the field he rears,
 And spurns th' indented ground,
 He snuffs the air, erects his flowing mane,
 Scents the big war, and sweeps along the plain.
 Impatient thus my ardent soul
 Bounds forth on wings of wind,
 And spurns the moments as they roll
 With lagging pace behind.



A I R.

The flame of love assuages
 When once it is reveal'd ;
 But fiercer still it rages
 The more it is concealed.

Consenting makes it colder,
 When met it will retreat ;
 Repulses make it bolder,
 And dangers makes it sweet.

x

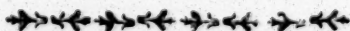
G L E E.

Hark the leafy woods resounding
 Echo to the Bugle-horn ;
 Swift the stag with vigour bounding,
 Leaps the break, and clears the thorn.

Ev'ry art his cunning trying,
 Shafis arrest his eager flight ;
 High he leaps, the hounds full crying,
 Now he's vanish'd from our sight.

Twanging bows with death pursuing,
 Now he rears and turns his head,
 Bays the dogs ; but nought from ruin,
 Nought can save—he falls—he's dead !

Sound the horn, huzza in chorus,
 We are free from care, my boys ;
 Rural pleasure lie before us,
 Health, and length, and strength of joy.



x

A I R.

Gently burns the greenwood fire,
 Lay the venison down to roast,
 Dress it quickly I desire,
 In the dripping put a toast :
 Hark ! I hear the jack go round ;
 O the venison's nicely brown'd !

Green-geese, ducklings, juicy meat ;
 Capon, widgeon, partridge, quail,
 Pies, tarts, dumplings, pudding sweet,
 Peas and beans, and butter'd kale ;
 Spices hunger to create,
 O ye Gods! how I should eat !

On the table dinner lies,
 See the charming white and red ;
 Cut it up, the gravy flies,
 On the sweetest grass it fed.
 Hark ! I hear the jack go round,
 Oh the venison's nicely brown'd !

See they spread the lilly cloth,
 Knives are sharp and forks are clean ;
 Pickles crisp, and sallads both
 Now appear so fresh and green.
 With strong beer, old ale and wine,
 O ye gods how I should dine !



S O N G,

Sung in the Castle of Andalusia.

COME, ye hours, with bliss replete,
 Bear me to Victoria's feet ;
 Cheerless winter must I prove
 Absent from the maid I love ;
 But the joys our meetings bring
 Shew the glad return of spring.

S O N G S.

Sung in the POOR SOLDIER.

Tune Ulcian and Ha Oh!

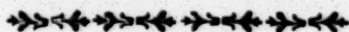
A I R. I,

SLEEP on, sleep on, my Kathleen dear.
 May peace possess thy breast ;
 Yet dost thou dream thy true love's here,
 Depriv'd of peace and rest.
 The birds sing sweet, the morning breaks
 Those joys are none to me ;
 Tho' sleep is fled, poor Dermot wakes,
 To none but love and thee.

A I R. II.

Dear Kathleen, you, no doubt,
 Find sleep how very sweet 'tis,
 Dogs bark, and cocks have crow'd out,
 You never dream how late 'tis.
 This morning gay,
 I post away,
 To have with you a bit of play,
 On two legs rid,
 Along to bid,
 Good merrow to your night-cap.

Last night a little bowzy,
 With whiskey, ale, or cyder,
 I ask'd young Betty Blowsey,
 To let me sit beside her
 Her anger rose,
 And four as floes,
 The little gipsy cock'd her nose
 Yet here I've rid,
 Along to bid
 Good morrow to your night-cap.



A I R, III.

Since love is the plan,
 I'll love if I can
 But first let me tell you what sort of a man ;
 In address how compleat,
 And in dress spruce and neat,
 No matter how tall, so he's over five feet ;
 Not dull, nor too witty
 His eyes I'll think pretty,
 If sparkling with pleasure wherever we meet.

Tho' gentle he be,
 His man he shall see
 Yet never be conquer'd by any but me.
 In a song bear a bob,
 In a glass a hob-nob,
 Yet drink of his reason his noddle ne'er rob.
 This is my fancy
 If such a man can see,
 I'm his if he's mine ; until then I am free.

A I R. IV.

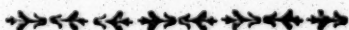
The twins of Latona, so kind to my boon,
 Arise to partake of the chase
 And Sol lends a ray to chaste Dian's fair moon,
 And smile to the smiles of her face.
 For the sport I delight in, the bright queen of
 love,
 With myrtles my bower shall adorn;
 While Pan breaks his chaunter, and skulks in the
 grove,
 Excell'd by the sound of the horn.
 The dogs are uncoupled, and sweet are their
 cry,
 Yet sweeter the notes of sweet echo's reply;
 Hark forward, my honies, the game is in view,
 But love is the game that I wish to pursue.

The stag from his chamber of woodbine peep
 out,
 His sentence he hears in the gale!
 Yet flies, till, entangled in fears and in doubts,
 His courage and constancy fail.
 Surrounded by foes, he prepares for the fray,
 Despair taking place of his fear;
 With antlers erected, a while stands at bay,
 Then surrenders his life with a tear.

A I R. V.

The meadows look cheerful, the birds sweetly
sing,
So gaily they carol the praises of spring,
Tho' nature rejoices, poor Norah shall mourn ;
Until her dear Patrick again shall return.

Ye lasses of Dublin, ah, hide your gay charms,
Nor lure her fond Patrick from Norah's fond
arms ;
'Tho' sattins and ribbands, and laces are fine. .
They hide not a heart with such feeling as mine.



A I R. VI.

Nor you dearest maiden, the pride of the village,
The town and its pleasures I freely resign ;
Delights spring from labour, and science from
tillage,
Where love, peace, and innocence sweetly
combine ;
Soft tender affections what bliss in possessing !
How blest when 'tis love that secures us a
blessing !
Caress'd ah, what rapture in mutual carressing.
What joy can I wish for, was Norah but
mine !

The heart of gay fashion, with splendor invite
us,

Where luxury, pride, and her follies attend ;
The banquet of reason alone should delight us,
How sweet the enjoyment, when shar'd with
a friend.

Be thou that dear friend, then, my comfort, my
pleasure.

A look is my sun-shine, a smile is my treasure,
Thy lyre is consenting, give joy beyond measure.
A rapture so perfect, what joy can transcend !



A I R. VII.

Tune. The little House under the Hill.

How happy the foldier who lives on his pay,
And spends half-a crown out of fix pence a day !
Yet fears neither justices warrants and bums,
But pays all his debts with a roll of his drums.

With a row de-dow, &c.

He cares not a marvedy how the world goes.
The King finds him quarters, and money, and
clothes ;

He laughs at all sorrow, whenever it comes,
And rattles away with the roll of the drums.

With a row de-dow, &c.

Oh! Kathaleen, why would you flout me,
 A boy that is cosy and warm,
 Has every thing decent about me,
 My snug little cabbín and farm.

Dootherum, &c.

What tho' I have not sav'd mnch money,
 No duns in my chamber attend,
 A Sunday I ride on my poney
 And still have a bit for a friend

Dootherum, &c.

The cock courts his hens all around me,
 The sparrow, the pidgeon, and dove;
 Oh! how all this courtship confounds me
 For want of the girl that I love!

Dootherum, &c.

AIR. X.

Tho' Leixlip is proud of its close shady bow'rs,
 Its clear falling waters, and murmuring cascades,
 Its groves of sweet myrtle, its beds of sweet flow'rs
 Its lads so well dress'd and its neat pretty maids,
 As each his own village must still make the most of,
 In praise of dear Carton I hope I'm not wrong;
 Dear Carton, containing what kingdoms may
 boast of,

'Tis Norah, dear Norah, the theme of my song.

Be gentlemen fine, with their spurs and new
boots on,

&c. Their horses to start on the Curragh of Kildare ;
Or dance at the ball, with their Sunday new suits
on,

Lac'd waistcoats, white gloves, and their new
powder'd hair.

Poor Pat, while so blest'd in his mean humble
station,

&c. For gold, or for acres he never shall long ;
One sweet smile can give him the wealth of the
nation

From Norah, dear Norah, the theme of my song.



AIR. XI.

You know I'm your priest, and your conscience
is mine,

But if you grow wicked its not a good sign ;
So leave off your raking and marry a wife :

And then, my dear Darby, your settled for life.

Sing Ballynamony, Oro,

▲ good merry wedding for me,

The banns being published, to chapel we go,

The bride and her bridegroom in coats white as
snow,

So modest her air, and so sheepish you look,

You out with your ring, and I pull out my book

Sing, &c.

A I R. XIII.

(Tune I'll have a wife of my own.)

Since Kathleen has prov'd so untrue,
 Poor Darby, oh, what can you do?
 No longer I'll stay here a clown,
 But sell off, and gallop to town;
 I'll dress, and I'll strut with an air,
 The barber shall frizzle my hair.

In town I shall cut a great a dash,
 But how for to compass the cash!
 At gaming, perhaps, I may win;
 With cards I may take the flats in,
 Or trundle false dice, and they're nick'd;
 If found out, I shall only be kick'd.

But first for to get a great name,
 A duel establish my fame;
 To my man then a challenge I'll write!
 But first I'll be sure he won't fight.
 We'll swear not to part till we fall,
 Then shoot without powder, and the devil a ball

S O N G.

ing in The Way to keep Him.

For married dames, who so often deplore
That a lover once blest'd is a lover no more,
And to my counsel, nor blush to be taught,
That Prudence must cherish what Beauty has
caught.

The bloom of your cheek, and the glance of
your eye,
Your roses and lilies may make the men sigh;
But roses and lilies, and sighs pass away,
And passion will die as your beauties decay.

Use the man that you wed like your fav'rite guitar,
Tho' music in both, they are both apt to jar;
How tuneful and soft from a delicate touch,
Not handled too roughly, nor play'd on too much!

The sparrow and linnet will feed from your hand,
Grow tame by your kindness, and come at com-
mand,
Exert with your husband the same happy skill,
For hearts, like your birds, may be tamed to your
will.

Be gay and good-humour'd, complying and kind,
Turn the chief of your care from your face to your
mind,
Tis there that a wife may her conquests improve,
And Hymen shall rivet the fetters of love.

S O N G.

The H O N E S T F E L L O W.

PHO ! pox of this nonsense, I prithee give o'er,
And talk of your Phillis and Chloe no more ;
Their face, and their air, and their mien, what a
rout ?

Here's to thee, my lad, push the bottle about,
Here's to thee, my lad, push the bottle about.

Let finical fops play the fool and the ape ;
They dare not confide in the juice of the grape :
But we, honest fellows—'sdeath ! who'd ever think
Of puling for love, while he's able to drink ?
Of puling, &c.

'Tis wine, only wine, that true pleasure bestows ;
Our joys it increases, and lightens our woes ;
Remember what toppers of old use to sing,
'The man that is drunk is as great as a king,
The man, &c.

If Cupid assaults you, there's law for his tricks ;
Anacreon's cases see, page twenty-six ;
The precedent's glorious, and just by my soul ;
Lay hold on, and drown the young dog in a bowl,
Lay hold, &c.

What's life but a frolic, a song and a laugh ?
My toast shall be this, whilst I've liquor to quaff ;
May mirth and good fellowship always abound,
Boys, fill up a bumper, and let it go round,
Boys, fill up a bumper, and let it go round.

S O N G.

The Union of Love and Wine.

WITH woman and wine I defy ev'ry care,
 For life without these is a bubble of air;
 For life without these, &c.
 Each helping the other, in pleasure I roll,
 And a new flow of spirits enliven my soul;
 Each helping the other, &c.

Let grave sober mortals my maxims condemn,
 I never shall alter my conduct for them;
 I care not how much they my measures decline,
 Let'em have their own humour and I will have mine.

Wine prudently us'd will our senses improve,
 'Tis the spring-tide of life, and the fuel of love:
 And Venus ne'er look'd with a smile so divine,
 As when mars bound his head with a branch from,
 the vine,

Then come my dear charmer, thou nymph half
 divine,
 First pledge me with kisses, next pledge me with
 wine;
 Then giving and taking, in mutual return,
 The torch of our loves shall eternally burn.

But should'st thou my passion for wine disapprove,
 My bumper I'll quit to be blest with thy love;
 For rather than forfeit the joys of my lass,
 My bottle I'll break, and demolish my glass.

A I R.

My name is little Harry-O,
 Mary I will marry-O
 In spite of Nell, or Isabel,
 I'll follow my own vagary-O.
 With my rigdum jigdum airy-O,
 I love little Mary-O,
 In spite of Nell,
 Or Isabel,
 I'll follow my own vagary-O.

Smart she is and bonny-O,
 Sweet as sugar candy-O;
 Fresh and gay,
 As flow'rs in May,
 And I'm her Jack-a-dandy-O.
 With my, &c.

Soon to the church I'll have her-O,
 Where we'll wed together-O;
 And that, that done,
 Then we'll have fun,
 In spite of wind and weather-O.
 With my rigdum jigdum airy-O,
 I love little Mary-O;
 In spite of Nell,
 Or Isabel,
 I'll follow my own vagary-O.

S O N G.

THE CHARMING FELLOW.

Sung by Mrs. Hitchcock, in the Agreeable Surprise.

LORD, what care I for mam or dad?
 Why let 'em scold and bellow;
 For while I live I'll love my lad,
 He's such a charming fellow.

The last fair day, on yonder green,
 The youth he danc'd so well-o,
 So spruce a lad was never seen,
 As my sweet charming fellow.

The fair was over night was come,
 The lad was somewhat mellow:
 Says he, my dear, I'll see you home;
 I thank'd the charming fellow.

We trudg'd along, the moon shone bright,
 Says he, my sweetest Nello,
 I'll kiss you here by this good light.
 Lord, what a charming fellow!

You rogue, says I, you've stopp'd my breath!
 Ye bells ring out my knello:
 Again I'd die so sweet a death
 With such a charming fellow.

S O N G.

THE lowland lads think they are fine,
 But O they're vain and idly gaudy ;
 How much unlike the graceful mien,
 And manly looks of my highland laddie.
 O my bonny highland laddie ;
 My handsome charming highland laddie ;
 May heav'n still guard, and love reward,
 The lowland lass and her highland laddie.

If I were free at will to chuse
 To be the wealthiest lowland lady ;
 I'd take young Donald in his trews,
 With bonnet blue and belted pladdie.

O my bonny, &c.

No greater joy I'll e'er pretend,
 Than that his love prove true and steady ;
 Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end,
 While heav'n preserves my highland laddie.

O my bonny, &c.



S O N G.

GOOD seamen may all danger mock,
 No storm can overwhelm !
 The gunner to the linstock,
 The master to the helm !

Second me well, with me unite,
 Repeat my signals true !
 Bear down upon the foe and fight,
 You're sure to conquer too !

S O N G.

When BRITAIN's SILVLR TRUMPET Sound,

THREE lads contended for my heart,
 Each boasted diff'rent charms and grace;
 Young Hal could sing with taste and art,
 Beau Jemmy sported frogs and lace;
 Blith Willy was a soldier brave,
 Who fear'd not scars, or death, or wounds,
 His country or his love to save,
 When Britain's silver trumpet sounds.

Now fear is rous'd by wars alarms,
 And threat'ning foes each hour arise:
 I scorn young Harry's vocal charms,
 And master Jemmy I despise:
 I love my Willy, bold and brave,
 He heeds not scars, or death, or wounds,
 His country or his love to save,
 When Britain's silver trumpet found.

In piping times of peace, a beau,
 Dear girls, may idle thoughts employ;
 But now, while threat'ned by each foe,
 Be wise, and throw away the toy:
 Take my advice, love him that's brave,
 Who fears not scars, or death, or wounds;
 So may your smiles your country save,
 While Britain's silver trumpet sounds,

S O N G.

A HUNTING SONG.

TH E sun from the east tips the mountain
 with gold,
 And the meadows all spangled with dew-drop
 behold ;

The lark's early mornin proclaims the new day,
 And the horn's cheerful summons rebukes our de-
 lay :

With the sports of the field there's no pleasure
 can vie,

While jocund we follow the hounds in full cry.

Let the drudge of the town make riches his sport,
 And the slaves of the state hunt the smiles of the
 court :

No care nor ambition our patience annoy,
 But innocence still gives a zest to our joy.

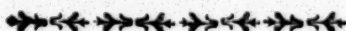
With the sports of the field, &c.

Mankind are all hunters in various degree ;
 The priest hunts a living, the lawyer a fee ;
 The doctor a patient, the courtier a place,
 Tho' often, like us, they're flung out with dis-
 grace.

With the sports of the field, &c.

The cit hunts a plumb, the soldier hunts fame,
 The poet a dinner, the patriot a name;
 And the artful coquette, tho' she seems to refuse,
 Yet, in spite of her airs, she her lover pursues.
 With the sports of the field, &c.

Let the bold and the busy hunt glory and wealth,
 All the blessing we seek is the blessing of health;
 With hounds and with horns, thro' the woodlands
 to roam,
 And when tir'd abroad, find contentment at home.
 With the sports of the field there's no pleasure
 can vie,
 While jocund we follow the hounds in full cry.



S O N G.

Sung in the Beggars Opera.

YOUTH's the season made for joys,
 Love is then our duty,
 She alone who that employs,
 Well deserves her beauty.
 Let's be gay.
 While we may,
 Beauty's a flower despis'd in decay,
 Youth's the season, &c.

Let us drink and sport to-day,
 Our's is not to-morrow ;
 Love with youth flies swift away,
 Age is nought but sorrow,
 Dance and sing,
 Time's on the wing,
 Life never knows the return of spring.
 Let us drink, &c.



S O N G.

Sung in the Maid of the Oaks.

COME sing round my favourite tree,
 Ye songsters that visit the grove ;
 'Twas the haunt of my shepherd and me,
 And the bank is a record of love.

Reclin'd on the turf, by my side,
 He tenderly pleaded his cause ;
 I only with blushes reply'd,
 And the nightingale fill'd up the pause.

S O N G,

X

Sung in the Jubilee.

BEHOLD this fair goblet, 'twas carv'd from
the tree,

Which, oh! my sweet *Shakespeare*, was planted
by thee;

As a relic I kiss it, and bow at thy shrine,
What comes from thy hand must be ever divine,
All shall yield to the mulberry tree;

Bend to thee

Bless'd mulberry;

Matchless was he

That planted thee,

And thou, like him, immortal shall be.

Ye trees of the forest so rampant and high,
Who spread round your branches, whose heads
sweep the sky;

Ye curious exotics, whom taste has brought here,
To root out the natives at prices so dear:

All shall yield, &c.

The oak is held royal, is *Britain's* great boast,
Preserv'd once our king, and will always our coast:
Of the fir we make ships; there are thousands that
fight,

But one, only one, like our *Shakespeare* can write.
All shall yield, &c.

Let *Venus* delight in her gay myrtle bow'rs,
Pomona in fruit-trees, and *Flora* in flow'rs;
 The Garden of *Shakespeare* all fancies will suit,
 With the sweetest of flow'rs, and the fairest of
 fruit.

All shall yield, &c.

With learning and knowledge the well-letter'd
 birch

Supplies law and phyfic, and grace for the church;
 But law and the gospel in *Shakespeare* we find,
 He gives the best phyfic for body and mind.

All shall yield, &c.

The fame of the patron gives fame to the tree;
 From him and his merits this takes its degree:
 Give *Phœbus* and *Bacchus* their laurel and vine,
 The tree of our *Shakespeare* is still more divine.

All shall yield, &c.

As the genius of *Shakespeare* outshines the bright
 day,

More rapture than wine to the heart can convey;
 So the tree which he planted by making his own,
 Has the laurel and bays and the wine all in one.

All shall yield, &c.

Then each take a relic of this hollow tree,
 From folly and fashion a charm let it be;
 Let's fill to the planter a cup to the brim,
 To honour your country, do honour to him.

All shall yield, &c.

S O N G,

ON AMBITION.

LET ambition fire thy mind ;
 Thou wert born o'er men to reign,
 Not to follow flocks design'd :
 Scorn thy crook, and leave the plain.

Crowns I'll throw beneath thy feet ;
 Thou on necks of kings shalt tread ;
 Joys in circling joys shall meet.
 Which way e'er thy fancy's led.

Let not toils of empire fright :
 Toils of empire pleasures are ;
 Thou shalt only know delight ;
 All the joy, but not the care.

Shepherd, if thou'lt yield the prize
 For the blessings I bestow,
 Joyful I'll ascend the skies,
 Happy thou shalt reign below.

S O N G.

I WONNOT BUCKLE TOO.

'T WAS within a mile of Edinburgh town,
 In the rosy time of the year,
 Sweet lav'rocks bloom'd and the grafs was down,
 And each shepherd woo'd his dear:
 Bonny Jockey blithe and gay
 Kiss'd sweet Jenny making hay;
 The Lassie blush'd, and frowning cry'd, no, no, it
 will not do,
 I cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot, munnot buckle
 too.

Jockey was a wag that never would wed,
 Tho' long he had follow'd the lass;
 Contented she earn'd and eat her own bread,
 And merrily turn'd up the grafs:
 Bonny Jockey blithe and free
 Won her heart right merrily,
 Yet still she blush'd, and frowning cry'd, no, no
 it will not do.

But when he vow'd he would make her his bride,
 Tho' his flocks and herds were not few;
 She gave him her hand and a kiss beside,
 And vow'd she'd ever be true:
 Bonny Jockey blithe and free
 Won her heart right merrily,
 At church she no more frowning cry'd, no, no, it
 will not do.

S O N G.

THE VICAR AND MOSES.

AT the sign of the horse, old Spintext, of
 course,
 Each night took his pipe and his pot,
 O'er a jorum of nappy,
Quite pleasant and happy, was plac'd this cano-
 nical sot.

Tol derol, derol tidol, didol.

The evening was dark, when in came the clerk,
 With reverence due, and submission,
First strok'd his cravat, then twir'd round his
 hat,
 And bowing, preferr'd his petition.

I'm come, Sir, says he, to beg, d'ye see,
 Of your reverend worship and glory,
To inter a poor baby, with as much speed as may be,
 And I'll walk with the lanthron before you.

The body we'll bury, but pray where's the hurry?
 Why lord, Sir, the corpse it does stay!
You fool, hold your peace, since miracles cease,
 A corpse, Moses, can't run away.

Then Moses, he smil'd, says, Sir, a small child,
 Cannot long delay your intentions,
Why that's true, by St. Paul, a child that is small,
 Can never enlarge its dimensions.

Bring Moses some beer, and bring me some, d'ye
hear,

I hate to be call'd from my liquor,
Come Moses, the King, 'tis a scandalous thing,
Such a subject should be but a Vicar.

Then Moses he spoke, Sir, 'tis past twelve o'clock,
Besides there's a terrible shower :

Why Moses, you elf, since the clock has struck
twelve,

I'm sure it can never strike more.

Besides, my dear friend, this lesson attend,

Which to stay and to swear I'll be bold,

That the corpse, snow or rain, can't endanger,
that's plain,

But perhaps you or I may take cold.

Then Moses went on, Sir, the clock has struck one!

Pray master look up at the hand,

Why it ne'er can strike less, 'tis a folly to press

A man for to go—that can't stand.

At length hat and cloak, old orthodox took,

But first cramm'd his jaw with a quid ;

Each tipt off a gill, for fear they should chill,

And then stogger'd away side by side.

When come to the grave, the clerk humm'd a stave,

Whilst the surplice was wrapp'd round the
Priest,

Where so droll was the figure, of Moses and Vicar,

That the parish still talk of the jest.

Good people let's pray, put the corpse t'other
way,

Or perchance I shall over it stumble,
'Tis best to take care, tho' the sages declare,
A mortuum caput can't tremble.

Woman that's born of man, that's wrong, the
leaf's torn,

Oh! man that is born of a woman,
Can't continue an hour, but is cut down like a
flower,

You see Moses—death spareth no man!

Here Moses do look, what a confounded book,
Sure the letters are turn'd upside down,
Such a scandalous print, sure the devil is in't,
That this *Grierfon* should print for the crown.

Prithee Moses, you read, for I cannot proceed,
And bury the corpse in my stead,
(Amen, Amen.)

Why Moses you're wrong, pray hold still your
tongue,
You've taken the tail for the head.

O where's thy sting death!—put the corpse in
the earth,

For believe me 'tis terrible weather,
So the corpse was interr'd without praying a
word,

And away they both stagger'd together.

Singing tol derol, &c.

S O N G,

THE BONNY SAILOR,

MY bonny failor's won my mind,
 My heart is now with him at sea ;
 I hope the summer's western breeze
 Will bring him safely back to me :
 I wish to hear what glorious toils,
 What dangers he has undergone ;
 What forts he's storm'd, how great the spoils,
 From France and Spain my failor's won.

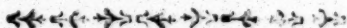
A thousand terrors chill'd my breast,
 When fancy brought the foe in view ;
 And day and night I've had no rest,
 Lest ev'ry gale a tempest blew ;
 Bring, gentle gales, my failor home ;
 His ship at anchor may I see ;
 Three years are sure enough to roam,
 Too long for one who loves like me.

His face by sultry climes is wan,
 His eyes by watching shine less bright ;
 But still I'll own my charming man,
 And run to meet him when in fight :
 His honest heart is what I prize,
 No weather can make that look old ;
 Tho' alter'd were his face and eyes,
 I'll love my jolly failor bold.

S O N G.

Sung in Cymon.

YOU gave me last week a young linnet,
 Shut up in a fine golden cage ;
 Yet how sad the poor thing was within it,
 Oh how did it flutter and rage !
 Then he mop'd and pin'd ;
 That his wings were confin'd,
 'Till I open'd the door of his den ;
 Then so merry was he,
 And because he was free,
 He came to his cage back again.



S O N G.

Sung in the Walloons

'T WAS up the wind, three leagues and more,
 We spy'd a lofty sail ;
 Set your top-gallant sails my boys,
 And closely hug the gale :
 Nine knots the nimble Milford ran,
 Thus, thus ! the master cry'd :
 Hull up, she rais'd the chace in view,
 And soon was side by side.

Dowse your Dutch Ensign ! up St. George !
 To quarters, now all hands ;
 With lighted match, beside his gun,
 Each British warrior stands.
 Give fire, our gallant Captain cries ;
 'Tis done, the cannons roar ;
 Stand clear, Monfieurs, digest these pills,
 And then we'll fend you more.

Your French Jack shivers in the wind,
 Its lilies all look pale ;
 Down it must come, it must come down,
 For Britons will prevail ;
 Rak'd fore and aft, her shatter'd hull
 Lets in the briny flood ;
 Her decks are carnag'd with the slain,
 Her scuppers stream with blood.
 Our chain-shot whistles in the wind,
 Our grape descends like hail ;
 Huzza, my souls ! three cheering shouts—
 French hearts begin to quail ;
 And see, 'tis done—she strikes, she yields,
 Down, haughty flag of France !
 Now board her, boys, and on her staff
 The English cross advance.

There let it ever fly, my hearts,
 To awe these Gallic slaves ;
 So freely tofs the cann about,
 For Britons rule the waves
 There let it ever fly, &c. &c.

3

But well you rewarded his song,
And highly you honour'd his cause;
Attending each night in a throng,
And giving unbounded applause.

RECITATIVE.

Then let me hope indulgence still to share ;
 If less my merit greater be my care :
 Tho' hard the task, that task you'll kindly feel ;
 And, for desert, accept unwearied zeal.

AIR.

'Tis your's to take a friendly part,
 And call new talents forth ;
 Good-nature sways the British heart,
 And candour stamps its worth.

No force thar goodness can depose,
 Tho' rise the world in arms ;
 Not millions of surrounding foes
 Can wound its native charms.

Britannia's children, brave and fair
 Mistaken zeal forgive :
 The errors of the head will spare,
 And bid the culprit live.

So conquest yet shall crown your toil,
 The meed which virtue brings ;
 For where soft pity dews the soil,
 Undaunted valour springs.

S O N G,

Sung in the Agreeable Surprise.

A M O, *amas*,
 I love a lass,
 As a cedar tall and slender;
 Sweet cowslips grace
 Is her nom'tive case,
 And she's of the feminine gender.

CHORUS.

*Rorum corum,
 Sunt divorum,
 Harum scarum!
 Divo!*

*Tag rag, merry derry, perry wig and hat band,
 Hic, hoc, horum genitivo!*

Can I decline
 A nymph devine?
 Her voice as a flute is *dulcis*;
 Her *oculus* bright,
 Her *manus* white.
 And soft, when I *taſto*, her pulse is.
Rorum corum, &c.

Oh, how *bella*
 My *puella* !
 I'll kiss *secula seculorum* :
 If I've luck, Sir,
 She's my *uxor*,
O dies benedictorum !
Rorari eorum, &c.



S O N G,

A NAVAL SONG,

THURSDAY in the morn, the nineteenth of
 May,

Recorded be for ever the famous ninety-two,
 Brave Russell did discern by dawn of day,

The loss of sails of France advancing now;
 All hands aloft, aloft, let English valour shine,
 Let fly a culverin, a signal for the line :

Let every man supply his gun :

Follow me, and you'll see,
 That the battle will soon be begun.

Tourville on the main triumphant roll'd,

To meet the gallant Russell in combat on the
 deep,

He led a noble train of heroes bold,

To sink the English admiral and his fleet :

Now every valiant mind to victory doth aspire,
 The bloody fight's begun, the sea is all on fire;
 And mighty fate stood looking on,
 Whilst a flood, all of blood,
 Fill'd the scuppers of the rising sun.

Sulphur, smoke, and fire, disturbing the air,
 With thunder and wonder affright the Gallic
 shore :

Their regulated band stood trembling near,
 To see their lofty streamers now no more :
 At six o'clock, the Red, the smiling victor led,
 To give a second blow, the fatal overthrow ;
 Now death and horror equal reign :
 Now they cry, run or die,
 British colours ride the vanquish'd main.

See they fly amaz'd thro' rocks and sands,
 One danger they grasp at to shun the greater
 fate ;
 In vain they cry for aid to weeping lands,
 The nymphs and sea-gods mourn their lost
 estate ;
 For evermore adieu, thou dazzling rising sun,
 From thy untimely end thy master's fate begun :
 Enough, though mighty god of war !
 Now we sing, bless the king,
 Let us drink to ev'ry English tar.

S O N G.

Sung in the Quaker,

WHILE the lads of the village shall merrily ah!
 Sound the tabors, I'll hand thee along,
 And I say unto thee, that verily, ah!
 Thou and I will be first in the throng.
 While the lads, &c.

Just then, when the swains who last year won the
 dow'r,
 With his mates shall the sports have begun,
 When the gay voice of gladness resounds from
 each bow'r,
 And thou long'lt in thy heart to make one.
 While the lads, &c.

Those joys which are harmless, what mortal can
 blame?
 'Tis my maxim, that youth should be free;
 And to prove that my words and my deeds are the
 same,
 Believe me, thou'lt presently see.
 While the lads, &c.

S O N G.

THE PLEASURES OF THE CHACE.

HARK ! hark ! the joy-inspiring horn
 Salutes the rosy rising morn,
 And echoes thro' the dale :
 With clam'rous peals the hills resound,
 The hounds quick scented scow'r the ground,
 And snuff the fragrant gale.

Nor gates, nor hedges can impede
 The brisk, high-mettl'd starting steed,
 The jovial pack pursue ;
 Like lightning darting o'er the plains
 The distant-hills with speed he gains,
 And sees the game in view.

Her path the timid hare forsakes,
 And to the copse for shelter makes,
 There pants a while for breath ;
 When now the noise alarms her ear,
 Her haunts descry'd, her fate is near,
 She sees approaching death.

Directed by the well-known breeze,
 The hounds their trembling victim seize,
 She faints, she falls, she dies :
 The distant coursers now come in,
 And join the loud triumphant din,
 Till echo rends the skies.

S O N G.

THE JOVIAL HUNTSMEN.

HARK ! away ! 'tis the merry ton'd horn
 Calls the hunters all up with the morn :
 To the hills and the woodlands we steer,
 To unharbour the out-lying deer.

CHORUS OF HUNTSMEN.

And all the day long,
 This, this is our song ;
 Still hollowing
 And following,
 So frolic and free ;
 Our joys know no bounds,
 While we're after the hounds,
 No mortals on earth are so happy as we.

Round the woods when we beat, how we glow,
 While the hills they all echo, hillo ;
 With a bounce from his cover he flies,
 Then our shouts shall resound to the skies.
 And all the day long, &c.

When we sweep o'er the vallies, or climb
 Up the health-breathing mountain sublime,
 What a joy from our labours we feel ;
 Which alone they who taste can reveal.
 And all the day long, &c.

At night when our labour is done,
Then we will ^{be} hallowing home,
With a hallo, hallo, and a huzza,
Resolving to meet the next day.
And all the day long, &c.

S O N G.

SHAKESPEARE'S GARLAND.

Sung in the Jubilee.

LET beauty with the sun arise,
To *Shakespeare* tribute pay,
With heavenly smiles and speaking eyes,
Give grace and lustre to the day.

Each smile she gives protects his name,
What face shall dare to frown?
Not envy's self can blast the fame,
Which beauty deigns to crown.

Then speak your mind at once
 Nor let me longer tarry :
 With you I'll toy, I'll ki's and play ;
 But hang me if I marry.

With you, &c.

Tho' charms and wit assail,
 The stroke I well can parry :
 I love to ki's, to toy and play ;
 But do not choose to marry.

I love, &c.

Young *Molly* of the dale,
 Makes a mere slave of *Harry* ;
 Because, when they had toy'd and ki's'd,
 The foolish swain would marry.

Because, &c.

These fix'd resolves, my dear,
 I to the grave will carry ;
 With you I'll toy, and ki's and play ;
 But hang me if I marry, &c.



S O N G.

In Thomas and Sally. Sung by the 'Squire.

WHEN late I wander'd o'er the plain,
 From nymph to nymph, I strove in vain
 My wild desires to rally ;
 But now they're of themselves come home,
 And, strange ! no longer seek to roam,
 They center all in *Sally*.

Yet she, unkind one, damps my joy,
 And cries, I court but to destroy;
 Can love with ruin tally?
 By those dear lips, those eyes I swear,
 I would all deaths, all torments bear,
 Rather than injure *Sally*.

Can the weak taper's feeble rays,
 Or lamps transmit the sun's bright blaze;
 Oh! no——then say how shall I
 In words be able to express
 My love?——it burns to such excess,
 I almost die for *Sally*.

Come then, oh! come, thou sweeter far
 Than jessamine and roses are,
 Or lillies of the valley;
 O follow love, and quit your fear,
 He'll guide you to these arms, my dear,
 And make me blest in *Sally*.

S O N G.

Sung in the Duenna.

HOW oft, *Louisa*, hast thou said,
 (Nor wilt thou the fond boast disown)
 Thou would'st not lose *Antonio's* love,
 To reign the partner of a throne.

And by those lips that spoke so kind !
 And by that hand I prest to mine !
 To gain a subject nation's love,
 I swear I would not part with thine.

Then how, my soul can we be poor,
 Who own what kingdoms could not buy ?
 Of this true heart thou shalt be queen,
 And, serving thee, a monarch I.

Thus uncontroul'd in mutual blifs,
 And rich in love's exhaustless mine,
 Do thou snatch treasures from my lips,
 And I'll take kingdoms back from thine.



S O N G.

By Mr. Garrick.

ONCE more I'll tune the vocal shell,
 To hills and dales my passion tell,
 A flame which time can never quell,
 But burns for thee, my *Peggy*.

You, greater bards, your lyre should hit ;
 For say what subject is more fit,
 Than to record the sparkling wit,
 And bloom of lovely *Peggy*.

The sun first rising in the morn ;
 That paints the dew-bespangled thorn,
 Does not so much the day adorn,
 As does my lovely *Peggy*.

And when in *Thetis'* lap to rest,
 He strecks with gold the ruddy west,
 He's not so beauteous as undrest,
 Appears my lovely *Peggy*.

When zephyr on the violet blows,
 Or breathes upon the damask rose,
 It does not half the sweets disclose,
 As does my lovely *Peggy*.

I stole a kiss the other day,
 And (trust me) nought but truth I say,
 The fragrance of the blooming May,
 Was not so sweet as *Peggy*.

Was she array'd in rustic weed,
 With her the bleating flocks I'd feed,
 And pipe upon the oaten reed,
 To please my lovely *Peggy*.

With her a cottage would delight ;
 All's happy when she's in my sight ;
 But when she's gone, 'tis endless night,
 All's dark without my *Peggy*.

While bees from flow'r to flow'r still rove,
 And linnets warble thro' the grove,
 Or stately swans the water love,
 So long shall I love *Peggy*.

And when death lifts his pointed dart,
 To strike the blow that rends my heart,
 My words shall be, when I depart,
 Adieu, my lovely Peggy.

S O N G.

Sung in Love in a Village.

OH! how shall I, in language weak,
 My ardent passion tell,
 Or from my fault'ring tongue to speak,
 That cruel word farewell!
 Farewel—but know, tho' thus we part,
 My thoughts can never stray:
 Go where I will, my constant heart
 Must with my charmer stay.

S O N G,

To Sylvia, by David Garrick, Esq.

IF truth can fix thy wav'ring heart,
 Let Damon urge his claim;
 He feels the passion, void of art,
 The pure, the constant flame.

Tho' sighing swains their torments tell,
 Their sensual love condemn ;
 They only prize the beauteous shell,
 But slight the inward gem.

Possession cures the wounded heart,
 Destroys the transient fire ;
 But when the mind receives the dart,
 Enjoyment whets desire.

By age your beauty will decay,
 Your mind improves with years ;
 As when the blossoms fade away,
 The rip'ning fruit appears.

May heav'n and *Sylvia* grant my suit,
 And bless the future hour,
 That *Damon*, who can taste the fruit,
 May gather ev'ry flower !

S O N G,

Sung in the Pantomime of The Elopement.

COME haste to the wedding, ye friends and
ye neighbours,

The lovers their bliss can no longer delay ;

Forget all your sorrows, your care, and your
labours,

Let e'ry heart beat with rapture to-day ;

And all attend to my call,

Come revel in pleasures that never can cloy,

Chorus. Come, see rural felicity,

Which love and innocence ever enjoy.

Let envy, let pride, let hate and ambition,

Still croud to, and beat at the breast of the
great ;

To such wretched passions we give no admission,

But leave them alone to the wise-ones of state

We boast of no wealth, but contentment and health,

In mirth and in friendship our moments employ,

Chorus. Come, &c.

With reason we taste of each heart stirring pleasure,

With reason we drink of the full flowing bowl,

Are jocund and gay, but all within measure,

For fatal excess will enslave the free soul.

Duetto. Then come at our bidding, to this happy
wedding,

No care shall intrude here our bliss to annoy.

Chorus. Come, &c.

S O N G.

Sung in Harlequin Sorcerer.

COME Roger and Nell, come Sinkin and Bell,
 Each lad with his lass hither come,
 With singing and dancing, in pleasure advancing,
 'To celebrate harvest home :
 'Tis Ceres bids play, and keep holiday,
 To celebrate harvest home, &c.

Our labour is o'er our barns in full store,
 Now swell with rich gifts of the land ;
 Let each man then take, for his prong and his rake,
 His cann and his lass in his hand :

For Ceres, &c.

No courtier can be so happy as we,
 In innocence, pastime and mirth ;
 While thus we carouse with our sweet heart or
 spouse,
 And rejoice o'er the fruits of the earth.

When Ceres, &c.

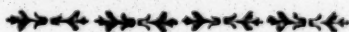
S O N G,

Sung in Love in a Village.

CUPID, god of soft persuasion,
 Take the helpless lover's part :
 Seize, oh seize, some kind occasion
 To reward a faithful heart.

Justly those we tyrants call,
 Who the body would enthrall !
 Tyrants of more cruel kind,
 Those who would enslave the mind.
 Cupid, God, &c.

What is grandeur ? foe to rest ;
 Childish mummary at best.
 Happy I in humble state !
 Catch ye fools, the glitt'ring bait
 Cupid god of, &c.



S O N G.

The Linnets.

AS bringing home, the other day,
 Two Linnets I had ta'en,
 The little warblers seem'd to pray
 For liberty again :
 Unheedful of their plaintive notes,
 I sung across the mead ;
 In vain they tun'd their pleasing throats,
 And flutter'd to be free.

As passing thro' the rusted grove.
 Near which my cottage stood,
 I thought I saw the Queen of Love,
 When *Flora's* charms I view'd :
 I look'd, I gaz'd, I press'd her stay,
 To hear my tender tale ;
 But all in vain—she fled away,
 Nor could my sighs prevail,

Soon, thro' the wound which love had made,
 Came pity to my breast ;
 And thus I (as compassion bade)
 The feather'd pair address'd :
 Ye little warblers, cheerful be,
 Remember not ye flew ;
 For I, who thought myself so free,
 Am far more caught than you.



S O N G.

A favourite Song in the Twelfth-Night.

Translated from the French-

HOW imperfect is expression,
 Some emotion to impart !
 When we mean a soft confession,
 And yet seek to hide the heart
 When our bosoms, all complying,
 With delicious tumults swell,
 And beat what broken, falt'ring dying
 Language would, but cannot tell.

Deep confusion's rosy terror,
 Quite expressive paints my cheek,
 Ask no more—Behold your error,
 Blushes eloquently speak.

What tho' silent is my anguish.
 Or breath'd only to the air :
 Mark my eyes, and as they languish :
 Read what yours have written there.

Oh ! that you could once conceive me,
 Once my soul' strong feeling view ;
 Love has nought more fond, believe me ;
 Friendship nothing half so true.
 For n you I am wild despairing,
 With you speechless as I touch ;
 This is all that bears declaring,
 And perhaps declares too much.



S O N G,

DOWN THE BURN, DAVY LOVE.

WHEN trees did bud, and fields were green,
 And broom bloom'd fair to see ;
 When Mary was compleat fifteen,
 And love laugh'd in her eye ;
 Blithe Davy's blinks her heart did move
 To speak her mind thus free :
 Gang down the burn, Davy love.
 And I will follow thee.

Now Davy did each lad surpass,
 That dwelt on this burn side,
 And Mary was the bonniest lass,
 Just meet to be a bride :
 Blithe Davy's blinks, &c.

Her cheeks were rosy, red and white,
 Her een was bonny blue,
 Her looks were like Aurora bright,
 Her lips like dropping dew ;
 Blithe Davy's blinks, &c.

As fate had dealt to him a routh,
 Strait to the kirk he led her,
 There plighted her his faith and truth,
 And a bonny bride he made her ;
 No more aham'd to own her love,
 Or speak her mind thus free,
 Gang down the burn Davy, love,
 And I will follow thee.



S O N G.

The DESCRIPTION.

FROM the man whom I love, though my
 heart I disguise.
 I freely describe the wretch I despise ;
 And if he has sense but to balance a straw,
 He will sure take a hint from the picture I draw.

A wit without sense, without fancy a beau ;
 Like a parrot he chatters, and struts like a crow ;
 A peacock in pride, in grimace a baboon ?
 In courage a hind, in conceit a gascoon.

As a vulture rapacious, in falsehood a fox ;
 Inconstant as waves, and unfeeling as rocks ;
 As a tyger ferocious, perverse as a hog ;
 In mischief an ape, and in fawning a dog.

In a word, to sum up all his talents together,
 His heart is of lead, and his brains are of feather ;
 Yet if he has sense but to balance a straw,
 He will sure take a hint from the picture I draw.



S O N G.

Sung in Love in a Village.

THERE was a jolly miller once,
 Liv'd on the river Dee ;
 He work'd and sung, from morn to night,
 No lark more blithe than he :

And this the hurthen of his song
 For ever us'd to be,
 I care for nobody, no not I,
 If nobody cares for me.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Bannister, in the Carnival of Venice.

SOON as the busy day is o'er,
And evening comes with pleasant shade,
We Gondoliers from shore to shore,
Merrily ply our jovial trade.

And while the moon shines on the stream,
And as soft music breathes around ;
The feathering oar returns the gleam,
And dips in comfort to the fount.

Down by some convent's mould'ring walls,
Oft we hear the enamour'd youth ;
Softly the watchful fair he calls,
Who whispers vows of love and truth.
And while the moon, &c.

And oft where the Rialto swells,
With happier pairs we circle round ;
Whose secret sighs fond Echo tells,
Whose murmur'd vows she bids resound.
And while the moon, &c.

Then joys the youth, that love conceal'd,
That fearful love must own its sighs ;
Then smiles the maid, to hear reveal'd
How more than ever she complies.
And while the moon, &c.

S O N G.

AS SURE AS A GUN,

Sung by Mrs. Wrighten.

SAYS *Colin* to me, I've a thought in my head,
I know a young damsel I'm dying to wed.
So please you quoth I—and whene'er it is done,
You'll quarrel and you'll part again, as sure as
a gun! &c.

And so when you're married, poor am'rous wight,
You'll bill it and coo it, from morning till night;
But trust me, good *Colin*, you'll find it bad fun,
Instead of which you'll fight and scratch—As sure
as a gun, &c.

But should she prove fond of her own dearest love,
And you be as supple, and as soft as her glove;
Yet be she a saint and as chaste as a nun,—
Your fasten'd to her apron strings—As sure as a
gun!

Suppose it was you then, said he with a leer,
You would not serve me so, I'm certain, my dear
In troth I replied, I will answer for none,—
But do as other woman do—As sure as a gun

S O N G.

Sung by Mrs. Cargill, in the Carnival of Venice.

YOUNG Lubin was a shepherd boy,
 Fair Rosalie a rustic maid ;
 They met, they lov'd ; each others joy,
 Together o'er the hills they stray'd.

Their parents saw, and bless'd their love,
 Nor would their happiness delay ;
 To-morrow's dawn their bliss should prove,
 To-morrow be their wedding-day.

When as at eve, beside the brook,
 Where stray'd their flocks, they sat and smil'd,
 One luckless lamb the current took,
 'Twas Rosalie's—she started wild.

Run, Lubin, run, my favourite save ;
 Too fatally the youth obey'd :
 He ran, he plung'd into the wave,
 To give the little wanderer aid.

But scarce he guides him to the shore,
 When faint and sunk, poor Lubin dies
 Ah Rosalie ! for ever more,
 In his cold grave thy lover lies.

On that lone bank—Oh ! still be seen,
 Faithful to grief, thou hapless maid ;
 And with sad wreaths of cypress green,
 For ever sooth thy Lubin shade.

S O N G.

Sung by Mrs. Wrighten.

My **P****A****T****I****E** is a lover gay,
 His ^{mind}~~brow~~ is never ~~cloudy~~, ~~muddy~~
 His breath is sweeter than new hay,
 His face is fair and ruddy :
His Shape is handsome, middle size,
 He's stately in his walking,
 The shining of his een surprise,
 'Tis heav'n to hear him talking.

Last night I met him on the bawk.
 Where yellow corn was growing.
 There many a kindly word he spoke,
 That set my heart a glowing :
 He kiss'd, and vow'd he would be mine,
 And lov'd me best of any,
 That gave me like to sing finfine,
 O corn riggs are bonny.

Let maidens of a silly mind,
 Refuse what maist they're wanting.
 Since we for yielding are design'd,
 We chasteely should be granting.
 Then I'll comply and marry Patie.
 And from my cockernony ;
 He's free to touzle air or late,
 Where corn riggs are bonny.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Parsons, in the Carnival of Venice.

THIS is a Petit-maitre's day—
 Awake at noon,
 Or scarce so soon,
 See him to his sofa creep,
 Sipping his tea—half asleep—
 Curse the vapours !
 Reach the papers—
 What's the Opera?—Dem the Play.
 Air my boots I think I'll ride—
 Tho' rot it, no !
 It shakes one so—
 Let them bring the vis-a-vis :
 Lounging there, his Lordship see,
 With vacant air,
 And fullen stare,
 Born of dullness, rais'd by pride !
 Stop at Betty's !—What's the news ?—
 A battle they say—
 Have you pines to-day ?—
 Yes, my Lord—We've beat the Dutch.
 Ha—some ice—I thought as much :
 What, and nothing more ?
 That's a monstrous bore !—
 Well, drive to Issachar the Jew's.
 Laff at Brookes's—deep at play ;
 Issachar's debt,
 At Faro set,

Sly the urchin deals his darts,
 Without pity.—piercing hearts;
 Cupid triumphs over passions,
 Not regarding modes or fashions,
 Firmly fix'd is Cupid's law!

Ha! ha! &c.

Some may think these lines not true,
 But they're facts—twixt me and you:
 Then, ye maids, and men, be wary,
 How you meet before you marry:
 Cupid's will is solely law!

Ha! ha! &c.



S O N G.

Sung by Mrs. Wrighten, in the Carnival of Venice.

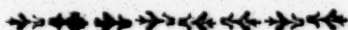
WHAT a lover is he that has nothing to
 give
 But a look, and a vow, and a sigh?
 Silly maid, take my word, you shall know how
 to live,
 Before you're so ready to die.

How stupid a pair is the bridegroom and bride,
 Who wed but for cooing and billing;
 Oh, how dull will they be, as they sit side by side,
 If it happens they're not worth a shilling.

At first, by good luck, every hour of the day,
 'Tis my darling, my soul's dearest pleasure;
 But at last, says the wife, I want money to pay,
 Come, give it, my heart's richest treasure!

"But I have it not, sweeting!"—This theme may
 breed strife—

"Come let us be cooing and billing"—
 Go, barbarous husband—go, termagant wife—
 So it happens when not worth a shilling.



S O N G.

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE

Sung by Mr. Vernon.

YOUNG Colin having much to say,
 In secret to a maid,
 Persuaded her to leave the hay,
 And seek th' embow'ring shade;
 And after roving with his mate
 Where none could hear or see,
 Upon the velvet ground they sat
 Under the greenwood tree

Your charms, says Colin, warm my breast,
 What must I for them give ?
 Nor night nor day can I have rest,
 I can't without you live.
 My flocks, my herds, my all is thine,
 Could you and I agree,
 O say, you to my wish incline
 Under the greenwood tree.

Too late you tempt my heart, fond swain,
 The wary lass replies,
 A lad who must not sue in vain,
 Now for my favour tries :
 He bids me name the sacred day,
 In all thing we agree ;
 Then why should you and I now stay
 Under the greenwood tree.

Al' this but serv'd to fire his mind,
 He knew not what to do ;
 Till to his suit she would be kind,
 He would not let her go ;
 His love, his wealth, the youth display'd,
 No longer coy was she ;
 At church she seal'd the vow she made
 Under the greenwood tree.

S O N G.

JOHNNY COMES TO-MORROW.

Sung by Mrs. Wewitzer.

WISH me joy, ye nymphs and swains,
 Johnny comes to-morrow,
 He shall quickly glad the plains,
 Banish care and sorrow ;
 He had left us now too long,
 Robb'd us of our treasure ;
 But he'll bring us dance and song,
 And ev'ry smiling pleasure.

If I've time I'll deck the bow'r,
 Once the swain delighting,
 Twine it round with many a flow'r,
 And with sweets inviting ;
 There he talk'd so well of love,
 Won my heart from sorrow ;
 There on wings of haste I'll rove,
 He'll be there to-morrow.

Come, my shepherd, quickly come,
 Where can thou be staying ?
 Love who wants thee now at home,
 Chides thy long delaying ;
 From to-day I'll never rove,
 But be blythe and bonny,
 For I never more shall live
 Without my sweetheart Johnny.

S O N G.

THE FEMALE CAPTAIN.

Sung by Mrs Wrighten.

SOUND the fife, beat the drum, to my standard repair,
 All ye lads who will conquer or die ;
 At request of my sex, as a captain I come,
 The mens courage and valour to try ;
 'Tis your king and your country now calls for
 your aid ;
 'Tis the ladies command you to go ;
 By me they announce it, and he who's afraid
 Or refuses, our vengeance shall know.

Then first to the single these things I declare
 So each maiden most firmly decrees ;
 Not a kiss will be granted, by black, brown, or fair,
 Not an ogle, a sigh, or a squeeze.
 To the married, if they but look glum, or say no,
 Should the Monsieurs dare bluster or huff ;
 We've determin'd, nem. con. that their foreheads
 shall show ;
 A word to the wife is enough.

These punishments we've in terrorem proclaim'd ;
 But still, should your valour but lack,
 As our dernier resort, this resolve shall be nam'd,
 Which egad will soon make you all pack.

We'll the breeches assume, 'pon my honour 't is true,
 So determine maids, widows, and wives,
 First we'll march, beat the French, then march
 back and beat you.
 Aye, and wear 'em the rest of our lives.

S O N G.

THE SOLDIER LASSIE.

Sung by Miss Thornton.

I'LL pass no dull, inglorious life,
 At home I will not tarry ;
 I like the drum and martial life,
 I'll to the camp with Harry :
 The peaceful pipe and rustic play
 No longer is my passion ;
 If Harry goes, I will not stay,
 For war is now the fashion.

Your Jean will not be left behind,
 My heart's to fear a stranger,
 High seas and rocks I'll never mind,
 I'll laugh at toil and danger :
 I hope he will not tell me nay,
 Nor fancy I'm unsteady,
 If glory calls my swain away,
 Love bids me to be ready.

To other lands from pleasant Tweed,
 With him I must be flying,
 For shady grove and painted mead,
 Your Jenny won't be crying;
 'Till tumults o'er, adieu to all;
 Not long I hope to tarry,
 I hear the drum's enlivening call,
 I must be gone with Harry.

S O N G,

Sung by Mrs. Wrighten, in the Carnival of Venice.

O! NEVER be one of those sad silly fellows,
 Who always are snappish, suspicious and
 jealous,
 Who live but to doubt,
 To pine and to pout,
 To take one to task,
 Examine and ask
 A hundred cross questions, to pick something out
 O! never, &c.

If by chance he should come,
 And not find her at home,
 'Tis, "Madam, why so late?
 "Where the devil could you wait?
 "What's been done? what's been said?
 "Zounds! I feel it on my head."
 O! never, &c.

S O N G.

BLUE EY'D NANCY O.

Sung by Mr. Vernon.

THE flow'r of females, beauty's queen,
 Who sees thee sure must prize thee ;
 Tho' thou art dress'd in robes but mean,
 Yet these cannot disguise thee :
 Thy graceful air, and modest look,
 Strikes ev'ry shepherd's Fancy O ;
 Thou'rt match for 'squire, for Lord or Duke,
 My lovely blue ey'd Nancy O.

Oh ! were I but some shepherd's swain,
 To feed my flocks beside thee ;
 To tend my sheep upon the plain,
 In milking to abide thee :
 I'd think myself a happier man,
 With thee to please my fancy O,
 Than he that hugs his thousands ten,
 Had I my blue ey'd Nancy O.

Then I'd despise th' imperial throne,
 And statesmen's dangerous stations ;
 I'd be no king, I'd wear no crown,
 And smile at conqu'ring nations ;
 Might I possess, and still care
 This lass that strikes my fancy O ;
 For these are toys, and still look less.
 Compar'd with blue ey'd Nancy O.

SONG.

OLD ENGLAND'S MY TOAST.

Sung by Mr. Vernon.

WHO thirsts for more knowledge is welcome to roam.

He may seek a new climate who is wretched at home ;

Who of pleasure or folly has not had his fill
May quit poor Old England whenever he will :
But nothing shall tempt me to cross the salt main,
For change I'm too steady, and rambling is pain.

Old England, brave boys, good enough is for me,
There my thoughts I can speak, where by birth-
right I'm free ;

Whatever I wish for now comes at my call.
I can sport in the fields, or can roar in my hall;
My time is my own, I can do as I will,
I have children that prattle, a wife that is still.

I feel that I'm happy, tho' taxes run high,
I want no exotics, so easy am I;
I'm alive to my friends, and at peace with the
dead.

With party and state I ne'er trouble my head ;
Contention I hate, and a bumper love most,
You'll pledge me I'm sure, for Old England's my
toast.

S O N G.

BE MERRY AND WISE.

Sung by Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall.

TO be merry and wise is a proverb of old,
 But a maxim so good can't too often be told;
 Then attend to my Song, nor my counsel despise,
 For I mean to be merry,—but merry and wise.

Ye bucks when toping such raptures express,
 And yet the next day dismal proofs of excess,
 Avoid all extremes, and mark well my advice,
 'Tis to drink and be merry,—but merry and wise.

In women all lovely is center'd each bliss,
 But let prudence give sanction, 'twill sweeten the
 kiss;
 If not beauty or folly your senses surprize,
 You may kiss and be merry,—but merry and
 wise.

Then ye toppers and rakes, who would lead happy
 lives,
 All excesses avoid, and choose modest wives,
 While prudence presides, it is thus I advise,
 Love, and drink, and be merry,—but merry and
 wise.

S O N G.

FOR FREEDOM AND HIS NATIVE LAND.

Sung by Mrs. Kennedy.

MUST peace and pleasure's melting strain,
 For ever in this circle reign,
 Awhile the muse with ardor glows,
 To pay the debt that Britain owes.
 O wave awhile your soft delights,
 To praise each valiant son that fights,
 And braves abroad each hostile band,
 For freedom and his native land.

The soldier seeks a distant plain,
 The sailor ploughs the boist'rous main,
 Their toil domestic ease secures,
 The labour theirs, the pleasure yours :
 Then change awhile your soft delights,
 To praise each valiant son that fights,
 And braves abroad each hostile band,
 For freedom and his native land.

Ye wealthy, who domestic sweets,
 Enjoy within your gay retreats,
 Think, think on those who guard the shore,
 Whence unmolested springs your store :
 And change awhile your soft delights,
 To praise each valiant son that fights,
 And braves abroad each hostile band,
 For freedom and his native land.

Ye swains who haunt the shady grove,
 And tranquil breathe your vows of love,
 Who hear not war's tremendous voice,
 But in the arms of peace rejoice :
 Change, change awhile your soft delights,
 To praise each valiant son that fights,
 And braves abroad each hostile band,
 For freedom and his native land.

And ye who in this frolic train,
 Inspir'd with music sprightly strain,
 And wild with pleasure's airy round,
 Bid flowing bowls with love be crown'd :
 Amid your social dear delights,
 Remember him who boldly fights,
 And braves abroad each hostile band,
 For freedom and his native land.

S O N G.

In Love in a Village.

YOUNG I am, and fore afraid :
 Would you hurt a harmless maid ?
 Lead an innocent astray ?
 Tempt me not, kind sir, I pray.

Men too often we believe ?
 And should you my faith deceive,
 Ruin first, and then forsake,
 Sure my tender heart would break.

S O N G.

Sung by Mrs. Wrighten, in the Desert,

SOME how my spindle I mislaid,
 And lost it underneath the grass,
 Damon advancing, bow'd his head,
 And said what seek you pretty lass:
 A little love, but urg'd with care,
 Oft leads a heart, and leads it far.

'Twas passing by yon spreading oak
 That I my spindle lost just now;
 His knife then kindly Damon took,
 And from the tree he cut a bough;
A little love, &c

Thus did the youth his time employ,
 While me he tenderly beheld;
 He talk'd of love, I leap'd for joy,
 For ah! my heart did fondly yield.
A little love, &c.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Bannister, in May Day, or Little Gipsy,

WHAT's a poor simple clown
 To do in the town
 Of their freaks and vagaries I'll none ;
 The folks I saw there
 Two faces did wear,
 An honest man ne'er has but one.

Let others to London go roam,
 I love my neighbour
 To sing and to labour,
 To me there is nothing like country and home.

Nay the ladies, I vow,
 I cannot tell how,
 Where now white as a curb, and now red ;
 La ! how would you stare,
 At their huge crop of hair,
 'Tis a hay-cock o'top of their head.

Let others, &c.

Then 'tis so-dizen'd out,
 And with trinkets about,
 With ribbands and flippers behind ;
 They so noddle and tofs,
 Just like a fore horse,
 With tassels, and bells in a team.

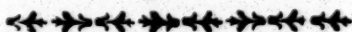
Let others, &c.

Then the fops are so fine,
 With lank waisted chine,
 And a little skimp bit of a hat ;
 Which from sun, wind and rain,
 Will not shelter their brain,
 Tho' there's no need to take care of that.

Let others, &c.

Would you the creatures ape,
 In looks and their shape,
 Teach a calf on his hind legs to go ;
 Let him waddle in gait,
 A skim dish on his pate,
 And he'll look all the world like a beau.

Let others, &c.



S O N G,

Sung in the Maid of the Mill.

WHY how now Miss Pert,
 Do you think to divert,
 My anger by fawning, and stroaking.

Why how, &c.

Woul'd you make me a fool,
 Your plaything your tool ;
 Was ever, young Minx so provoking.

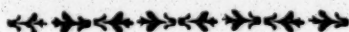
Woul'd you, &c.

Get out of my sight,
'Twould be serving you right
To lay a sound dose of the 'lash on.

Get out, &c.

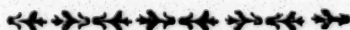
Contradict your mama,
I've a mind by the la !
But I won't put myself in a passion.

Contradict, &c.



S O N G,

THE lark's shrill note awakes morn,
The breeze, wave the ripen'd corn ;
The yellow harvest, free from spoil,
Rewards the happy farmer's toil :
The flowing bowl succeeds the flail,
O'er which he tells the jocund tale.



S O N G,

Sung in the Maid of Mill.

WHEN you meet a tender creature,
Neat in limb and fair in feature,
Full of kindness and good nature,
Prove as kind again to she :

Happy mortal to possess her,
 In your bosom warm to press her ;
 Morning, noon, and night caress her,
 And be as fond as fond can be.

Morning, &c.

But if one you meet that's froward,
 Saucy, jilting, and untoward,
 Shou'd you act the whining coward,
 'Tis to mend her, ne'er the whit :
 Nothing's tough enough to bind her,
 Then agog, when once you find her,
 Let her go, and never mind her,
 Heart alive, you're fairly quit.



S O N G,

Sung in the Widow of Delphi, by Mr. Quick.

IN the city of Phœbus a widow their dwelt,
 Of her honour so nice and so jealous,
 It was clear as the sun that whatever she felt,
 She'd no feeling for us honest fellows.

It was, &c.

For she flouted and pouted, and look'd so demure
 On her knees she was ever a praying ;
 Her blood was as cold as December I'm sure,
 When other young bloods were a maying.

S O N G,

Sung by Mr. Du Bellamy, in the Duenna.

I COU'D never lustre see,
In eyes that would not look on me ;
I ne'er saw Nectar on a lip,
But where my own did hope to sip.

Has the maid, who seeks my heart,
Cheeks of rose untouch'd by art ;
I will own the colour true,
When yielding blushes aid their hue.

When yielding, &c.

Is her hand so soft and pure,
I must press it to be sure ;
Nor can I be certain then,
Till it grateful press again.

Must I with attentive eye,
Watch her heaving bosom ;
I will do so—when I see
That heaving bosom sigh for me.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Ryder, in the Duenna.

G I V E Isaac the nymph who no beauty can
boast,
But health and good humour to make her his toast ;
If strait I don't mind, whether slender or fat,
Or six foot or four we'll ne'er quarrel for that.
We'll ne'er, &c.

Whate'er her complexion I vow I don't care
If brown it is lasting, more pleasing if fair ;
And tho' in her cheeks I no dimples shoul'd see,
Let her smile and each dell is a dimple to me.
Let her, &c.

Let her locks be the reddest that ever was seen,
And her eyes may be—saith any colour but green ;
For in eyes tho' so various the lustre and hue,
I swear I've no choice, only let her have two.

'Tis true I'd dispense with a throne on her back,
And white teeth I own, are genteeler than black :
A little round chin too's a beauty I've heard,
But I only desire—she mayn't have a beard.

S O N G,

Sung in the Duenna.

A BUMPER of good liquor,
Will end a contest quicker,
Then justice, judge, or vicar,
So fill each cheerful glass.

So fill, &c.

But if more deep they quarrel,
Why, sooner drain the barrel,
Then be that hateful fellow,
That's crabbed when he's mellow.

Why sooner, &c

S O N G,

THE HERMIT.

By Mr. Beattie.

AT the close of the day, when the hamlet is
still,
And mortals the sweet of forgetfulness prove
When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And nought but the nightingale's song in the
grove :

'Twas thus, by the cave of the mountain afar,
While his harp rung symphonious, a Hermit
began :

No more with himself, or with nature at war,
He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man.

Ah why, all abandon'd to darknes and woe,
Why, alone Philomela, that languishing fall?
For spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
And sorrow no longer thy bosom enthal.
But, if pity inspire thee, renew the sad lay.
Mourn sweetest complainer, man calls thee
to mourn ;

O soothe him, whose pleasures like thine pass away,
Full quickly they pass—but they never return.

Now gliding remote, on the verge of the sky,
The moon half extinguish'd her crescent dis-
plays :

But lately I mark'd, when majestic on high,
She shone, and the planets were lost in her
blaze.

Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue
The path that conduct thee to splendor again,
But man's faded glory what change shall renew ?
Ah fool ! to exult in a glory so vain !

'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more ;
I mourn, but ye woodlands, I mourn not for
you ;

For morn is approaching your charms to rest
Perfum'd with fresh fragrance and glitt'ring
with dew.

Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn;
 Kind nature the embryo blossom will save;
 But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn?
 O when shall it dawn on the night of the
 grave!



A Continuation of the Hermit.

T WAS thus, by the glare of false science
 betray'd,
 That leads, to bewilder, and dazzle to blind,
 My thoughts wont to roam, from shade onward
 to shade,
 Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.
 O pity great Father of light, then I cry'd,
 Thy creature who fain would not wander from
 thee!
 Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride;
 From doubt and from darkness thou only canst
 free.

And darkness and doubt are now flying away.
 No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn;
 So breaks on the traveller, faint and astray,
 The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.

See truth, love, and mercy, in triumph descending,
 ing,

And nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom !
 On the cold cheek of death smiles and roses are
 blending,

And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.

And beauty, &c.

S O N G,

Sung by Miss Walpole, in the Camp.

THE fife and drum sounds merrily,
 A soldier, a soldier's the lad for me,
 With my true love I soon will be,
 For who so kind, so true as he,
 With him in every toil I'll share,
 To please him shall be all my care,
 Each peril I'll dare,
 All hardships I'll bear,
 For a soldier, a soldier's the lad for me.

Then if kind heaven preserve my love,
 What rapturous joys shall his Nancy prove,
 Swift thro' the camp shall my footsteps bound,
 To meet my William with conquest crown'd.
 Close to my faithful bosom prest,
 Soon shall he hush his cares to rest,
 Clasp'd in these arms,
 Forget wars alarms.
 For a soldier, a soldier's the lad for me.

S O N G,

BLACK EYED SUSAN.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
 The streamers waving in the wind,
 When black ey'd *Susan* came on board,
 Oh! where shall I my true love find?
 Tell me ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
 If my sweet *William* sails among your crew?

William, who high upon the yard,
 Rock'd by the billows too and fro,
 Soon as her well known voice he heard,
 He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below;
 The rope slides swiftly thro' his glowing hands,
 And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark high pois'd in air,
 Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
 If chance his mate's shrill voice he hear,
 And drops at once into her nest—
 The noblest captain in the *British* fleet,
 Might envy *William*'s lips those kisses sweet.

O *Susan*! *Susan*! lovely dear!
 My vows shall ever true remain;
 Let me kiss off that falling tear:
 We only part to meet again.
 Change, as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
 The faithful compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landmen say,
 Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind ;
 They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
 In ev'ry port a mistress find ;
 Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
 For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

If to fair *India's* coast we sail,
 Thine eyes are seen in di'monds bright ;
 Thy breath is *Afric's* spicy gale ;
 Thy skin is ivory so white :
 Thus ev'ry beauteous object that I view,
 Wakes in my soul some charms of lovely *Sue*.

Tho' battle call me from thy arms,
 Let not my pretty *Susan* mourn ,
 Tho' cannon roar, yet safe from harms,
William shall to his dear return :
 Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
 Lest precious tears should drop from *Susan's* eye.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
 The sails the swelling bosom spread ;
 No longer must she stay on board ;
 They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his head :
 Her less'ning boat unwilling rows to land :
 Adieu ! she cry'd and wav'd her lily hand.

S O N G,

PLATO'S ADVICE,

SAYS *Plato*, why should man be vain ?
 Since bounteous heav'n hath made him great !
 Why look with insolent disdain
 On those undeck'd with wealth and state ?
 Can costly robes, or beds of down,
 Or all the gems that deck the fair :
 Can all the glories of a crown
 Give health, or ease the brow of care ?

The scepter'd king, the burden'd slave,
 The humble and the haughty die ;
 The rich, the poor, the base, the brave,
 In dust, without distinction lye.
 Go search the tombs where monarchs rest,
 Who once the greatest title wore,
 Of wealth and glory they're hereft,
 And all their honours are no more.

So flies the meteor thro' the skies,
 And spreads along a gilded train ;
 When shot—'tis gone ; its beauty dies,
 Dissolves to common air again :
 So 'tis with us, my jovial souls,—
 Let friendship reign, while here we stay :
 Let's crown our joy with flowing bowls ;
 When Jove commands we must obey.

S O N G,

Sung in Love in a Village.

HOW happy were my days till now !
 I ne'er did sorrow feel ;
 With joy I rose to milk my cow,
 Or take my spinning wheel.

My heart was lighter than a fly,
 Like any bird I sung,
 Till he pretended love, and I
 Believ'd his flatt'ring tongue.

O! the fool ! the filly, filly fool,
 Who trust what man may be !
 I wish I was a maid again,
 And in my own country.



S O N G,

Sung by Mr. Wilder, in Love in a Village.

ONS ! neighbour, ne'er blush for a trifle like
 this ;
 What harm with a fair one to toy and to kifs ;
 The greatest and gravest (a truce with grimace)
 Wou'd do the same thing, were they in the same
 place.

No age, no profession, no station is free ;
 To sovereign beauty, mankind bends the knee ;
 That power, resistless, no strength can oppose ;
 We all love a pretty girl—under the rose.



S O N G,

Sung by Mr. Dunstall, in Love in Village.

A PLAGUE of these wenches ! they make such
 a pother,
 When once they have let'n a man have his will ;
 They're always a whining for something or other,
 And cry he's unkind in his carriage.
 What thof he speak 'em ne'er so fairly,
 Still they keep teasing, teasing on,
 You cannot persuade 'em ;
 'Till promise you've made 'em ;
 And after they've got it,
 They'll tell you—ad rot it !
 Their character's blasted, they're ruin'd, undone ;
 And then, to be sure, fir,
 There is but one cure fir,
 And all their discourse is of marriage.

S O N G,

CYMON AND IPHIGENIA. A CANTATA.

Sung by Mr. Beard.

RECITATIVE.

NEAR a thick grove, whose deep embow'ring
 shade,
 Seem'd most for love and contemplation made,
 A crystal stream with gentle murmurs flows,
 Whose flow'ry banks are formed for soft repose :
 Thither retir'd from Phœbus' sultry ray,
 And lull'd in sleep, fair Iphigenia lay.
 Cymon, a clown, who never dreamt of love,
 By chance was stumping to the neighb'ring grove :
 He trudg'd along, unknowing what he sought,
 And whistled as he went for want of thought :
 But when he first beheld the sleeping maid,
 He gap'd—he stared ! her lovely form survey'd ;
 And while with artless voice he sweetly sung,
 Beauty and nature thus inform'd his tongue.

A T R.

The stream that glides in murmurs by,
 Whose glassy bosom shews the sky,
 Completes the rural scene :
 But in thy bosom, charming maid,
 All heav'n itself is sure display'd,
 Too lovely Iphigene !

RECITATIVE.

She wakes and starts—poor Cymon trembling
 stands,
 Down falls the staff from his unnerv'd hands :
 Bright excellence, said he, dispel all fear ;
 Where honour's present, sure no danger's near.
 Half-rais'd, with gentle accent she replies,
 Oh, Cymon ! if 'tis you, I need not rise ;
 Thy honest heart no wrong can entertain ;
 Pursue thy way, and let me sleep again.
 The clown, transported, was not silent long,
 But thus with extacy pursu'd his song :

A I R.

Thy jetty locks, that careless break,
 In wanton wringlets down thy neck ;
 Thy love-inspired mien ;
 Thy swelling bosom, skin of snow,
 And taper shape, inchant me so,
 I die for Iphigene.

[III]

RECITATIVE.

Amaz'd, she listens, nor can trace from whence
The former clod is thus inspir'd with sense ;
She gazes—finds him comely, tall, and strait,
And thinks he might improve his auk'ard gait ;
Bids him be secret, and next day attend,
At the same hour to meet his faithful friend.
Thus mighty love could teach a clown to plead :
And nature's language surest will succeed.

A I R

Love's a pure, a sacred fire,
Kindling gentle, chaste desire ;
Love can rage itself controul,
And elevate, and elevate the human soul ;
Depriv'd of that, our wretched state,
Had made our lives of too long date :
But blest with beauty, and with love,
We taste what angels do above, &c.



S O N G.

A CONVIVIAL SONG.

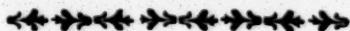
SAVE women and wine there is nothing in life
That can bribe honest souls to endure it ;
For the heart is perplex'd, and surrounded with
care,
Dear women and wine only cure it.

Come on, then, my boys, we'll have women and
wine,

And wisely to purpose employ them ;
He's a fool that refuses such blessings divine,
Whilst vigour and health can enjoy them.

Our wine shall be old, bright and sound, my dear
Jack,

To heighten our am'rous fires ; (smack,
Our girls plump and sound, we shall kiss with a
And gratify all our desires.



S O N G.

“ WHAT A CHARMING THING'S A BATTLE.”

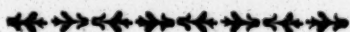
WHAT a charming thing's a battle,
Trumpets sounding, drums a beating ;
Crack, crack, crack, the cannons rattle,
Every heart with joy elating.

With what pleasure are we spying,
From the front and from the rear,
Round us in the smoaky air,
Heads and limbs and bullets flying !
Then the groans of soldiers dying ;
Just like sparrows as it were,

At each pop,
Hundreds drop,
While the muskets prittle prattle :
Kill'd and wounded,
Lie confounded ;

What a charming thing's a battle !

But the pleasant joke of all,
 Is when to close attack we fall;
 Like mad bulls each other butting,
 Shooting, stabbing, maiming, cutting;
 Horse and foot,
 All go to't,
 Kill's the word both men and cattle:
 Then to plunder,
 Blood and thunder,
 What a charming thing's a battle!



S O N G.

A HUNTING SONG.

RECITATIVE.

THE whistling ploughman hails the blushing
 dawn,
 The thrush melodious drowns the rustic note,
 Loud sings the blackbird thro' resounding groves,
 And the lark soars to meet the rising sun.

A I R.

Away, to the copse lead away;
 And now, my boys, throw off the hounds:
 I'll warrant he shews us some play;
 See, yonder he skulks thro' the grounds.

Then spur your brisk coursers, and smoke 'em,
my bloods:

'Tis a delicate scent-lying morn:
What concert is equal to those of the woods,
Betwixt echo, the hounds, and the horn?

Each earth see he tries at in vain,
In cover no safety can find;
So he breaks it, and scours amain,
And leaves us a distance behind.

O'er rocks, and o'er rivers, and hedges we fly,
All hazard and danger we scorn:
Stout Reynard we'll follow until that he die;
Cheer up the good dogs with the horn.

And now he scarce creeps thro' the dale,
All parch'd from his mouth hangs his tongue;
His speed can no longer avail,
Nor his life can his cunning prolong.

From our staunch and fleet pack 'twas in vain that
he fled,
See his brush falls begrind'd forlorn;
The farmers with pleasure behold him lie dead,
And shout to the sound of the horn.

S O N G.

THE ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND.

RECITATIVE.

TWAS at the gate of Calais, Hogarth tells,
 (Where sad despair and famine always
 dwells)

A meagre Frenchman, madame Granfire's cook,
 As home he steer'd his carcase, that way took,
 Bending beneath the weight of fani'd sir-loin,
 On which in vain he often wish'd to dine ;
 Good father Dominic by chance came by,
 With rosy gills, round paunch, and greedy eye ;
 Who when he first beheld the greasy load,
 His benediction on it he bestow'd ;
 And as the solid fat his fingers press'd,
 He lick'd his chops, and thus the knight address'd

A I Z.

(A lovely Liss to a Friar came, &c.)

O rare roast beef ! lov'd by all mankind,
 If I was doom'd to have thee,
 When dress'd and garnish'd to my mind,
 And swimming in thy gravy,
 Not all thy country's force combin'd
 Should from my fury save thee.

Renown'd sir-loin, of times decreed,
 The theme of English ballad;
 On thee, e'en kings have deign'd to feed.
 Unknown to Frenchmen's palate:
 Then how much doth thy taste exceed
 Soup-meagre, frog, and fallad!

RECITATIVE.

A half-starv'd soldier, shirtless, pale, and lean,
 Who such a sight before had never seen,
 Like Garrick's frighted Hamlet, gaping stood,
 And gaz'd with wonder on the British food:
 His morning's mess forsook the (friendly bowl)
 And in small streams along the pavement stole:
 He heav'd a sigh, which gave his heart relief,
 And then, in plaintive tone, declar'd his grief.

AIR.

(Foot's Minuet.)

Ah, sacre Dieu! vat do I see yonder,
 Dat look so tempting red and vite?
 Begar it is de roast beef from Londree:
 O! grant to me van letal bite.
 But to my guts you give no heeding,
 And cruel fate dis boon denies,
 In kind compassion unto my pleading,
 Return, and let me feast my eyes.

RECITATIVE.

His fellow-guard, of right Hibernian clay,
 (Whose brazen front his country bid betray)
 From tyburn's fatal tree had hither fled,
 By honest means to gain his daily bread ;
 Soon as the well known prospect he descry'd,
 In blubb'ring accents dolefully he cry'd :

AIR.

(*Allen a Roan*)

Sweet beef, that now causes my stomach to rise,
 Sweet beef, that now causes my stomach to rise,
 So taking thy sight is,
 My joy that so light is,
 To view thee, by pailsfuls runs out of my eyes.
 While here I remain my life's not worth a farthing.
 While here I remain my life's not worth a farthing,
 Ah, hard hearted Loui !
 Why did I come to you ?
 The gallows, more kind, would have sav'd me
 from starving

RECITATIVE.

Upon the ground hard by poor Sawney fat,
 Who fed his nose and scratch'd his ruddy pate ;
 But when Old England's bulwark he espy'd,
 His dear lov'd mull, alas ! was thrown aside :
 With lifted hands he bless'd his native place,
 Then scrubb'd himself, and thus bewail'd his case :

AIR.

(The Broom of Cowdenknows)

How hard, oh! Sawney, is thy lot,
Who was so blythe of late,
To see such meat as can't be got,
When hunger is so great!

*O the beef! the bonny bonny beef,
When roasted nice and brown;
I wish I had a slice of thee,
How sweet it would gang down.*

Ah, Charley! hadst thou not been seen,
This ne'er had happ'd to me;
I would the de'el had pick'd my ey'n,
E'er I had gang wi' thee.

O the beef, &c.

RECITATIVE.

But, see, my muse to England takes her flight,
Where health and plenty socially unite:
Where smiling freedom guards great George's
throne,
And whips and chains, and tortures are not
known;
Tho' Britain's fame in loftiest strains should ring,
In rustic fable give me leave to sing.

AIR.

As once on a time, a young frog pert and vain,
Beheld a large ox grazing o'er the wide plain,
He boasted his size he could quickly attain.

*O the roast beef of Old England,
And O the Old English roast beef,*

Then eagerly stretching his weak little frame,
Mamma, who stood by, like a knowing old dame,
Cry'd, son, to attempt it you're surely to blame:
O the roast beef, &c.

But, deaf to advice, he for glory did thirst;
An effort he ventur'd more strong than the first,
Till swelling and straining too hard, made him
burst:

O the roast beef, &c.

Then Britons be valiant, the moral is clear:
The ox is Old England, the frog is Monsieur;
Whose puffs and bravadoes we need never fear.
O the roast beef, &c.

For while by our commerce and arts we are able
To see the sir-loin smoking hot on the table;
The French may e'en burst, like the frog in the
fable.

O the roast beef, &c.

S O N G.

Sung by Hodge, in Love in a Village.

WELL. well, say no more;
 So you told me before,
 I know the full length of my tether.
 Do you think I'm a fool,
 That I need go to school,
 I can spell you and put you together.

A word to the wife,
 Will always suffice;
 Adds sniggers! go talk to your parrot,
 I'm not such an elf,
 Thof I say't myself,
 But I know a sheep's head from a carrot



S O N G.

FAIR HEBE.

FAIR *Hebe* I left with a cautious design,
 To escape from her charms, and to drown
 e'm in wine:
 I try'd it, but found, when I came to depart,
 The wine in my head, and fill'd

I repair'd to my Reason, intreated her aid,
Who paus'd on my case, and each circumstance
weigh'd,

Then gravely pronounc'd, in return to my pray'r,
That *Hebe* was fairest of all that was fair.

That's a truth, reply'd I, I've no need to be
taught,

I came for your council to find out a fault ;
If that's all, quoth Reason, return as you came,
To find fault with *Hebe* would forfeit my name.
What hopes then, alas ! of relief from my pain,
While like lightning she darts thro' each throbbing vein,

My senses confirm me a slave to her charms.



S O N G.

THE BEE.

A BUSY humble Bee am I,
That range the garden sunny ;
From flow'r to flow'r I changing fly,
And ev'ry flow'r's my honey.
Bright Chloe, with her golden hair,
And while my rich jonquil is,
Till, cloy'd with sipping Nectar there,
I snift to rosy Phillis.

I shift, &c.

But Phillis's sweet opening breast,
Remains not long my station ;
For Kitty must be now address'd,
My spicy breath'd carnation.
Yet Kitty's fragrant bed I leave,
To other flow'rs I'm rover ;
And all in turns my love receives
The gay wide garden over.

The gay, &c.

Variety that knows no bound,
My roving fancy edges,
And oft with Flora I am found,
In dalliance under hedges :
For as I am an arrant Bee,
Who range each bank that's funny,
Both fields and gardens are my fee,
And ev'ry flow'r's my honey.

And ev'ry, &c.



S O N G,

Sung in Midas.

HE's as tight a lad to see to,
As e'er stepp'd in leather shoe ;
And what's better, he loves me too.
And to him I'll prove true-blue.

Tho' my sister casts an hawk's eye,
I defy what she can do ;
He o'erlook'd the little doxy,

Hither I stole out to meet him ;
 He'll no doubt my steps pursue,
 If the youth prove true, I'll fit him,
 If he's false—I'll fit him too.



S O N G.

Sung in Cymon.

THIS cold flinty heart it is you who have
 warm'd,
 You waken'd my passions, my senses have charm'd;
 In vain against merit and *Cymon* I strove,
 What's life without passion, sweet passion of love?

The frost nips the bud, and the rose cannot blow,
 From youth that is frostnip no raptures can flow;
 Elysium to him but a desert will prove:
 What's life without passion, sweet passion of love?

The spring should be warm, the young season be
 gay,
 Her birds and her flow'rets make blithsome sweet
 May;
 Love blesses the cottage, and sings thro' the grove,
 What's life without passion, sweet passion of love.
What's life, &c.

S O N G,

A Hunting Song,

RECITATIVE.

HARK, the horn calls away ;
Come the grave come the gay ;
Wake to music that wakens the skies,
Quit the bondage of sloth, and arise.

AIR.

From the east breaks the morn,
See the sun beams adorn
The wild heath and the mountains so high,
The wild, &c.

Shrilly opes the staunch hound,
The steed neighs to the sound,
And the floods and the vallies reply.
And the floods, &c.

Our forefathers so good
Prov'd their greatness of blood
By encount'ring the hart and the boars,
By encount'ring, &c.

Ruddy health bloom'd the face,
Age and youth urg'd the chase,
And taught woodlands and forests to rear,

Hence, of noble descent,
Hills and wilds we frequent,
Where the bosom of nature's reveal'd

Where the, &c.

Tho' in life's busy day,
Man of man makes a prey,
Still let our's be the prey of the field,

Still let ours, &c.

With the chace full in sight,
Gods! how great the delight!
How our mortal sensations refine!

How our, &c.

Where is care, where is fear?
Like the winds in the rear,
And the man's lost in something divine,

And the man's, &c.

Now to horse, my brave boys:
Lo! each pants for the joys,
That anon shall enliven the whole,

That anon, &c.

That at eve we'll dismount,
Toils and pleasures recount,
And renew the chace over the bowl.

And renew, &c.

S O N G,

A SOLDIER'S SONG.

HE comes, he comes, the hero comes !
 Sound, sound the trumpet, beat, beat the
 drum ;
 From port to port let cannons roar,
 He's welcome to the British shore.

Prepare, prepare, your songs prepare ;
 Loud, loudly rend the echoing air :
 From pole to pole your joys resound,
 For virtue's his, with glory crown'd.



Sung by Miss Romanzini, in Love in a Village.

IN love should there meet a fond pair,
 Untutor'd by fashion or art,
 Whose wishes are warm and sincere,
 Whose words are th' excess of the heart.

If ought of substantial delight
 On this side the stars can be found ;
 'Tis sure when that couple unite,
 And *Cupid* by *Hymen* is crown'd.

S O N G.

Sung in Thomas and Sally.

ALL you who would wish to succeed with a lass,
 Learn how the affair's to be done;
 For, if you stand fooling, and shy, like an ass,
 You'll lose her as sure as a gun.

With whining, and sighing, and vows, and all that,
 As far as you please you may run;
 She'll hear you, and jeer you, and give you a pat,
 But jilt you, as sure as a gun.

To worship and call her bright goddess, is fine;
 But, mark you the consequence, mum;
 The baggage will think herself really divine,
 And scorn you, as sure as a gun.

Then be with a maiden bold, frolic, and stout,
 And no opportunity shun:
 She'll tell you she hates you, and swear she'll cry out,
 But mum—she's as sure as a gun.

S O N G.

THE SPINNING-WHEEL.

TO ease his heart, and own his flame,
 Young Jockey to my cottage came,
 And tho' I lik'd him passing weel,
 I careless turn'd my spinning-wheel.

My milk-white hand he did extoll,
 And prais'd my fingers long and small :
 Unusual joy my heart did feel,
 But still I turn'd my spinning-wheel.

Then round about my slender waist,
 He clasp'd his arms, and me embrac'd :
 To kiss my hand he down did kneel,
 But yet I turn'd my spinning-wheel.

With gentle voice I bid him rise,
 He bless'd my neck, my lips, and eyes :
 My fondness I could scarce conceal,
 But yet I turn'd my spinning-wheel.

'Till, bolder grown, so close he press'd,
 His wanton thoughts I quickly guess'd ;
 Then push'd him from my rock and reel,
 And angry turn'd my spinning-wheel.

At last when I began to chide,
 He swore he meant me for his bride ;
 'Twas then my love I did reveal,
 And flung away my spinning-wheel.

S O N G.

THE BONNY BROOM.

Sung at Vauxhall.

HOW blithe was he each morn to see
 My swain come o'er the hill !
 He leap'd thro' brook, and flew to me ;
 I met him with good will :
 I neither want ed ewe nor lamb,
 When his flocks near me lay ;
 He gather'd in my sheep at night.
 And cheer'd me all the day.

Oh ! the broom, the bonny broom,
 Where lost was my repose ;
 I wish I was with my dear swain,
 With his pipe and my ewes.

He tun'd his pipe and reed so sweet,
 The birds stood list'ning by ;
 The fleecy flock stood still and gaz'd,
 Charm'd with his melody :
 While thus we spent our time, by turns,
 Betwixt our flocks and play,
 I env'y'd not the fairest dame,
 Tho' e'er so rich and gay.

Oh ! the broom, &c.

He did oblige me ev'ry hour ;
 Cou'd I but faithful be ?
 He stole my heart, cou'd I refuse
 Whate'er he ask'd of me ?
 Hard fate ! that I must banish'd be,
 Gang heavily and mourn,
 Because I lov'd the kindest swain,
 That ever yet was born.

Oh ! the broom, &c.



S O N G,

Sung in Comus.

FLY swiftly, ye minutes, till Comus receive
 The nameless soft transports that beauty can
 give :

The bowl's frolic joys let him teach her to prove,
 And she, in return, yield thee raptures of love.

Without love and wine, wit and beauty are vain,
 Pow'r and grandeur insipid, and riches a pain :
 The most splendid palace grows dark as the grave :
 Love and wine give, ye gods ! or take back what
 ye gave.

S O N G.

AS NOW MY BLOOM.

Sung at Vauxhall.

&c. **A**S now my bloom comes on a-pace,
 The swains begin to teaze me,
 But two who claim the foremost place,
 Try different ways to please me;
 To judge aright, and choose the best,
 Is not so soon decided,
 When both their merits are express'd,
 I may be less divided.

Palæmon's flocks unnumber'd stray,
 He's rich beyond all measure,
 Wou'd I but smile, be kind and gay,
 He'd give me all his treasure;
 But then our years so disagree,
 So much as I remember,
 It is but May I'm sure with me,
 With him it is December.

Can I, who scarcely am in bloom,
 Let frost and snow be suing,
 'Twould spoil each rip'ning joy to come,
 Bring ev'ry charm to ruin.
 For dress and shew to touch my pride,
 My little heart is panting,
 But then there's something else beside,
 I soon should find was wanting.

And let him be no learned fool,
That nods o'er musty books ;
That eats and drinks, and lives by rule,
And weighs my words and looks.

Let him be easy, frank, and gay,
Of dancing never tir'd ;
Always have something smart to say,
But silent, if requir'd.

S O N G,

Sung in Comus.

RECITATIVE.

HOW gentle was my *Damon's* air !
Like sunny beams his golden hair ;
His voice was like the nightingale's,
More sweet his breath than flow'ry vales :
How hard such beauties to resign !
And yet the cruel task is mine.

How hard, &c.

AIR.

On ev'ry hill, in ev'ry grove,
Along the margin of each stream,
Dear conscious scenes of former love ;
I mourn, and *Damon* is my theme :
The hills, the groves, the streams remain,
But *Damon* there I seek in vain :

The hills, &c.

Why should they ere give me pain,
 Who to give me joy disdain?
 All I hope of mortal man
 Is to love me while he can;
 While he can, while he can,
 Is to love me while he can.



S O N G.

Sung in Conus.

WOULD you taste the noon-tide air,
 To yon fragrant bow'r repair,
 Where woven with the poplar bow,
 The mantling vine will shelter you.
 The mantling vine will shelter you:
 Down each side a fountain flows,
 Tinkling, murm'ring, as it goes,
 Lightly o'er the mossy ground,
 Lightly o'er the mossy ground,
 Sultry Phœbus scorching round:

Sultry, &c.

Round the languid herds and sheep,
 Stretch'd o'er sunny hillocks, sleep;
 While on the hyacinth and rose
 The fair does all alone repose,
 The fair does all alone repose;

All alone ; yet in her arms
Your breast shall beat to love's alarms,
Till blest, and blessing, you shall own
The joys of love are joys alone.

The joys, &c.



S O N G.

THE CRYING AND LAUGHING SONG.

W H E N I wake with painful brow,
Ere the cock begins to crow,
Tossing, tumbling in my bed,
Aching heart, and aching head.
Pond'ring over human ills,
Cruel Bailiffs, Taylor's bills,
Flush and Pam thrown up at Loo,
When these sorrows strike my view,
I cry - - - -
And to stop the gushing tear,
Wipe it with the pillowbeer.

But when sportive evening comes,
Routs, Ridottos, balls, and drums
Casinos here, Festinos there,
Mirth and pastime ev'ry where,

Seated by a sprightly lass,
Smiling with the smiling glass;
When these pleasures are my lot,
Taylors, Bailiffs all forgot,

I laugh - - -

Careless what may then befall,
Thus I shake my sides at all.

Then again, when I peruse,
O'er my tea the morning news,
Dismal tales of plundered houses,
Wanton wives and cuckold spouses,
When I read of money lent,
At sixteen and a half per cent.

I cry - - -

But if e'er the muffin's gone,
Simp ring enters honest John,
"Sir, Miss Lucy's at the door,
"Waiting in a chaise and four,"
Instant vanish all my cares,
Swift I scamper down the stairs,

And laugh - - -

So may this indulgent throng,
Who now smiling grace my song,
Never more cry oh! oh! la!
But join with me in ha! ha! ha!

S O N G.

THE CRYING AND LAUGHING SONG.

WHEN the hated morning's light.
 Peeping in, offends my sight,
 Tossing to and fro in bed,
 Aching heart and aching head ;
 Counting o'er my various ills,
 Fickle Lovers, Mercers bills ;
 All the sums I've lost at dice,
 When these in my mind arise,

I cry - - -

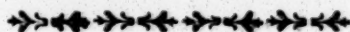
But if 'tis Pantheon night,
 Chicheratas here, Macheratas there,
 Or to Vauxhall I repair ;
 If I meet my Lord Perfume,
 Or dear Colonel Thunder-Bomb ;
 When such pleasures are my lot,
 Fickle lovers all forgot—
 Dice and Mercer's bills forgot.

I laugh - - -

Then, if in the Morning Post,
 I read reputations lost,
 Sly intrigues, and cuckold spouses,
 Great debates in both the houses ;
 When I'm told that dissipation,
 Folly, lux'ry rule the nation ;
 That the rich, the young and wise,
 To true pleasure shut their eyes ;

I cry - - -

But, ere my tears are gone,
 Simp'ring enters honest John,
 " Ma'am Sir Jehu's at the door,
 " In his phaeton and four :
 Instant all my sorrows cease,
 Out I run and take my place ;
 With such joys the moments glide
 By my dear Sir Jehu's side ;
 I laugh - - -



S O N G.

Sung in Comus.

NOW Phæbus sinketh in the west,
 Welcome song, and welcome jest ;
 Midnight shouts and revelry,
 Tipsy dance and jollity :
 Braid your locks with rosy twine,
 Dropping odours, dropping wine,
 Braid your locks with rosy twine
 Dropping odours, dropping wine.
 Rigour now is gone to bed.
 And advice with scrup'lous head ;
 Strict age, and sour severity,
 With their grave faws in slumber lie ;
With thair, &c.

S O N G,

RONDEAU.

NIGHT and day the anxious lover,
Is attentive to the fair,
'Till the doubtful courtship's over,
Is she then so much his care !

Warm as summer his addresses.
Hope and ardour in his eyes ;
Cool as winter his caresses,
When she yields his captive prize:

Now the owner of her beauty,
Sees no more an angel's face ;
Half is love, the rest is duty :
Pleasure sure is in the chace.



S O N G,

Sung by Miss Romanzini, in Love in a Village.

HOW much superior beauty awes,
The coldest bosoms find,
But with resistless force it draws,
To sense and virtue join'd.

The casket, where to outward show,
The artist's hand is seen,
Is doubly valu'd when we know
It holds a gem within.



S O N G,

Sung in As you Like it.

BLOW, blow, thou winter's wind ;
Thou art not so unkind.
Thou art not so unkind,
As man's ingratitude ;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Altho' thy breath be rude,
Altho, &c.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh ;
Thou dost not bite so nigh,
As benefits forgot.
Tho' thou the waters wrap ;
Thy sting is not so sharp,
As friends remember'd not,
As friends, &c.

S O N G,

Sung in the Maid of the Mill.

O H! what a simpleton was I
To make my bed at such a rate!
Now lay thee down vain fool and cry.
Thy true love seeks another mate.
No tears, alack!
Will call him back,
No tender words his heart allure;
I could bite
My tongue through spite——
Some plague bewitch'd me, that's for sure.

S O N G,

DAMON AND FLORELLA. A DIALOGUE.

Sung in the Sorcerer.

He. C A S T, my love, thine eyes around,
See the sportive lambkins play;
Nature gaily decks the ground,
All in honour of the May

Like the sparrow and the dove,
Listen to the voice of love.

She. *Damon*, thou hast found me long
Lis'ning to thy soothing tale,
And thy soft persuasive tongue
Often held me in the dale :
Take, oh ! *Damon*, while I live,
All which virtue ought to give.

He. Not the verdure of the grove,
Not the garden's fairest flow'r,
Nor the meads, where lovers rove,
Tempted by the vernal hour,
Can delight thy *Damon's* eye,
If *Florella* is not by.

She. Not the water's gentle fall,
By the bank with poplars crown'd ;
Not the feather'd songsters all,
Nor the flute's melodious sound,
Can delight *Florella's* ear,
If her *Damon* is not near.

Both. Let us love, and let us live,
Like the cheerful season gay,
Banish care, and let us give
Tribute to the fragrant *May* ;
Like the sparrow and the dove,
Listen to the voice of love.

S O N G.

Sung in the Winter's Tale.

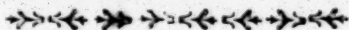
COME, come, my good Shepherds, our flocks
 we must shear,
 In your holiday suits with your lasses appear :
 The happiest of folks are the guiltless and free ;
 And who are so guiltless, so happy, as we ?

We harbour no passions by luxury taught ;
 We practice no arts with hypocrisy fraught ;
 What we think in our hearts you may read in our
 eyes,
 For, knowing no falsehood, we need no disguise.

By mode and caprice are the city dames led ;
 But we all the children of nature are bred :
 By her hands alone we are painted and dress'd,
 For the roses will bloom when there's peace in the
 breast.

The giant, ambition, we never can dread ;
 Our roofs are too low for so lofty a head ;
 Content and sweet cheerfulness open your door ;
 They smile with the simple, and feed with the
 poor.

We'll follow *Hymen's* happy train,
 And every idle care disdain ;
 We'll live in sweet tranquility,
 Nor wish for greater Liberty.



S O N G.

CHARMING SALLY.

NO Nymph that trips the verdant plains
 With *Sally* can compare ;
 She wins the hearts of all the swains,
 And rivals all the fair :
 The beams of Sol delight and cheer,
 While summer seasons roll ;
 But *Sally's* smiles, can all the year,
 Give pleasure to the soul.

When from the east the morning ray
 Illumes the world below,
 Her presence bids the god of day
 With emulation glow :
 Fresh beauties deck the painted ground.
 Birds sweet notes prepare ;
 The playful lambkins skip around,
 And hail their sister fair

The lark but strains his liquid throat
 To bid the maid rejoice,
 And mimicks (while he swells his note)
 The sweetness of her voice :
 The fanning zephyrs round her play,
 While *Fibra* sheds perfume,
 And ev'ry flower seems to say,
 I bud for *Sally's* bloom.

The am'rous youths her charms proclaim,
 From morn to eve their tale ;
 Her beauty and unspos'd fame,
 Make vocal every vale :
 The stream meand'ring thro' the mead,
 Her echo'd name conveys ;
 And ev'ry voice, and ev'ry reed,
 is tun'd to *Sally's* praise.

No more shall blithesome lads and swain
 To mirthful wake resort,
 Nor ev'ry May morn on the plain
 Advance in rural sport :
 Nor more shall gush the purling rill,
 Nor music wake the grove,
 Nor flocks look snow-like on the hill,
 When I forget to love.

S O N G,

S Hepherds, would ye hope to please us,
 You must ev'ry humour try;
 Sometimes flatter, sometimes tease us,
 Sometimes laugh, and sometimes cry.

Soft denials are but trials
 Of the heart we wish to gain;
 Tho' we're shy, and seem to fly,
 If you pursue, we fly in vain.

S O N G.

Sung in Love in a Village.

SINCE *Hodge* proves ungrateful, no further I'll
 seek,
 But go up to town in the waggon next week;
 A service in London is no such disgrace,
 And Register's Office will get me a place.

Bet Blossom went there, and soon met with a friend;
 Folks say, in her silks she's now standing an end:
 Then why should not I the same maxims pursue,
 And better my fortune, as other girls do?

S O N G.

NOW the happy knot is ty'd,
Betsy is my charming bride,
 Ring the bells, and fill the bowl,
 Revel all without controul.
 Who so fair as lovely *Bet* !
 Who so blest'd as *Colinet* !
 Who so fair as lovely *Bet* !
 Who so blest'd as *Colinet* !

Now adieu to maiden arts,
 Angling for unguarded hearts ;
 Welcome *Hymen's* lasting joys ;
 Lispering wanton girls and boys,
 Girls as fair as lovely *Bet*,
 Boys as sweet as *Colinet*.

Tho' ripe sheaves of yellow corn
 Now my plenteous barn adorn ;
 Tho' I've deck'd my myrtle bow'rs
 With the fairest, sweetest flow'rs ;
 Riper, fairer, sweeter yet
 Are the charms of lovely *Bet*,

Tho' on Sundays I was seen,
 Dress'd like any May-day queen ;
 Tho' six sweethearts daily strove,
 To deserve thy *Betty's* love,
 Them I quit without regret,
 All my joy's in *Colinet*.

Strike up then the rustic lay,
 Crown with sports our bridal day;
 May each lad a mistress find,
 Like my *Betsey*, fair and kind;
 And each lass a husband get,
 Fond and true as *Colinet*.

Ring the bells, and fill the bowl,
 Revel all without controul;
 May the sun ne'er rise or set,
 But with joy to happy *Bet*,
 And her faithful *Colinet*.

S O N G.

Sung in Thomas and Sally.

BEHOLD, from many a hostile shore,
 And all the dangers of the main,
 Where billows mount, and tempests roar,
 Your faithful *Tom*'s return'd again;
 Returns, and with him brings a heart,
 That ne'er from *Sally* shall depart.

After long toils and troubles past,
 How sweet to tread our native soil,
 With conquest to return at last,
 And deck our sweethearts with the spoil,
 No one to beauty should pretend,
 But such as dare its rights defend.

S O N G.

Sung in Love in a Village.

STILL in hopes to get the better,
Of my stubborn fate I try ;
Swear this moment to forget her,
And the next my oath deny.
Now prepar'd with scorn to meet her,
Ev'ry charm in thought I brave ;
Then relapsing fly to meet her,
And confess myself her slave.

S O N G,

THE DUST-CART.

A favourite Cantata.

RECITATIVE.

AS tinkering Tom the streets his trade did cry,
He saw his lovely Sylvia passing by ;
In dust-cart high advanc'd the nymph was plac'd,
With the rich cinders round her lovely waist ;
Tom with uplifted hands th' occasion blest'd
And thus in soothing strains the maid address'd.

AIR.

O Sylvia ! while you drive your carts,
To pick up dust, you steal our hearts,
You take our dust, and steal our hearts.

That mine is gone, alas ! is true,
And dwells among the dust with you,
And dwells among the dust with you.
O lovely Sylvia ! ease my pain
Give me the heart you stole again,
Give me my heart out of your cart,
Give me my heart you stole again.

RECITATIVE.

Sylvia, advanc'd above the rabble rout,
Exulting, roll'd her spark'ling eyes about :
She heav'd her swelling breast, as black as sloe,
And look'd disdain on little folks below ;
To Tom she nodded as the cart drove on,
And then (resolv'd to speak) she cry'd, stop, John.

AIR.

Shall I, who ride above the rest,
Be by a paltry crowd oppress'd ;
Ambition now my soul does fire,
The youths shall languish and admire ;
And ev'ry girl, with anxious heart,
Shall long to ride, long to ride, long to ride,
in my dust-cart.
And ev'ry girl, with anxious heart,
Shall long to ride in my dust-cart.

S O N G.

A BACCHANALIAN STILE.

DEAR Tom this brown jug that now foams
 with mild ale,
 (In which I will drink to sweet Nan of the vale)
 Was once Toby Philpot's, a trusty old soul,
 As e'er drank a bottle, or fathom'd a bowl,
 In boozing about 'twas his praise to excel,
 And among jolly toppers he bore off the bell—

It chanc'd as in dog-days he sat at his ease,
 In his flow'r-wov'n arbour, as gay, as you please;
 With a friend and a pipe, puffing sorrow away,
 And with honest old stingo was soaking his clay,
 His breath doors of life on a sudden were shut,
 And he dy'd, full as big as a Dorchester butt.

His body, when long in the ground it had lain,
 And time into clay had desolv'd it again,
 A potter found out in a covert so snug,
 And with part of fat Toby he made this brown
 jug;
 Now sacred to friendship to mirth and mild ale;
 So here's to my lovely sweet Nan of the vale—
 Vale, sweet Nan of the vale.

S O N G,

Sung in Thomas and Sally.

FROM plowing the ocean and thrashing Mon-
 sieur,
 In Old England we're landed once more ;
 Your hands, my brave shipmates, hallow boys,
 what cheer,
 For a sailor that's just come on shore ?

These hectoring blades thought to scarce us, no
 doubt,
 And to cut us and slash us—Morblieu !
 But hold there, avast ! they were plaguely out,
 We have flic'd them and pepper'd them too.

Then encourage my hearts, your own consequence
 know,
 Yon invaders shall soon do you right ;
 The lion may rouse, when he hears the cock crow
 But should never be put in a fright.

You've only to thun your nonsensical jars ;
 Your damn'd party and idle contest ;
 And let all your strife be like us honest tars
 Who shall fight for his country the best.

A sea-faring spark, if the maids can affect,
 Bid the simpering gypsies look to't:
 Sound bottoms they'll find us in every respect,
 And our pockets well laden to boot.

The landsmen, mayhap, in way of discourse,
 Have more art to persuade, and the like;
 But 'were those fair colours, for better for worse,
 Is the bargain we're willing to strike.

Now long live the king, may he prosperous reign,
 Of no power, no faction afraid;
 May *Britain's* proud flag still exult o'er the main,
 At all points the compass display'd.

No quicksands endanger, no storm overwhelm:
 Steady, steady and safe may she sail:
 No ignorant pilots e'er sit at the helm.
 Or her anchor of liberty sail.



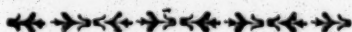
S O N G.

PUSH ABOUT THE JORUM.

Sung in the Golden Pippin.

WHEN bick'ring's hot,
 To high words got,
 Break out at gameorum;
 The flame to cool,
 My golden rule
 Is push about the jorum.

With fist on jug,
Coifs who can lug?
Or shew me that glibe speaker,
Who her red rag
In gibe can wag,
With her mouth full of liquor.



S O N G.

*A Dialogue after the Manner of Horace, sung by
True-Blue and Nancy in the Press-Gang.*

Nancy.

AND can'st thou leave thy *Nancy*,
And quit thy native shore?
It comes into my fancy,
I ne'er shall see thee more.

True-Blue.

Yes, I must leave my *Nancy*,
To humble haughty *Spain*,
Let fear ne'er fill thy fancy,
For we shall meet again.

Nancy.

Amidst the foaming billows,
 When thund'ring cannons roar.
 You'll think on these green willows,
 And wish yourself on shore.

True-Blue.

I fear not land or water,
 I fear not sword or fire,
 For sweet revenge and slaughter,
 Are all that I desire.

Nancy,

May guardian Gods protect thee,
 From water, fire, or steel,
 And may no fears affect thee,
 Like those which now I feel,

True-Blue.

I leave to heaven's protection,
 My life, my only dear;
 You have my soul's affection,
 So still conclude me here.

S O N G.

ADVICE TO THE FAIR,

IF you're not too proud for a word of advice,
In the choice of a husband, girls, be not too
nice ;

What with manning our ships, and protecting
our shore,

You cannot have lovers as once—by the score :
If you wish to be marry'd, your pride must come
down,

What a smile can procure, do not lose by a frown,

The time it has been, it will ne'er be again.

When a legion of lovers I had in my train ;

They were pleas'd with my sing-song ; I laugh'd
at them all,

For one was too short, and another too tall,

Or too plump, or too slender ; too young, or too
old ?

As this was too bashful, and that was too bold.

All you who're in bloom, and who *Hymen* implore,
Since love may not wait till the wars are all o'er,

Resemble the willow ; be gentle and bend,

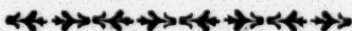
Take pains for a lover, as you would for a
friend ;

Look once at his person—but twice at his mind,

Take him soon at his word ; tho' you blush, yet
be kind.

Expect not a crowd of admirers to see,
Rich, handsome, and courtly, and all they should
be ;

The times are so bad and so chang'd is our lot,
A man that's worth having, is hard to be got !
Choose quick, or you'll rue it the rest of your lives,
You may flourish as toasts, but you'll never be
wives.



S O N G.

THE IRISH PADLOCK.

MISS *Dannæ*, when fair and young,
(As *Horace* has divinely sung)
Could not be kept from *Jove's* embrace
By doors of steel, and walls of brass.

Tell us, mysterious husband, tell us
Why so mysterious, why so jealous ?
Can harsh restraint, the bolt, the bar,
Make thee secure, thy wife less fair ?

Send her abroad, and let her see
That all this world of pageantry,
Which she, forbidden, longs to know,
Is powder, pocket-glass, and beau.

Be to her virtues ever kind,
Be to her faults a little blind,
Let all her ways be unconfin'd,
And clap your *Padlock*—on her mind.

S O N G,

Sung in the Beggars Opera.

IF the heart of a man is depress'd with care,
 The mist is dispell'd when a woman appears;
 Like the notes of a fiddle, she sweetly, sweetly,
 Raises her spirits, and charms the ear;
 Roses and lillies her cheeks disclose,
 But her ripe lips more sweet than those.
 Press her,
 Carefs her,
 With blisses,
 And kisses,
 Dissolves us in pleasure and soft repose,



S O N G.

Sung by Miss Romanzini, in Love in a Village.

MY heart's my own, my will is free,
 And so shall be my voice:
 No mortal man shall wed with me,
 Till first he's made my choice.

Let parents rule, cry nature's laws,
 And children still obey:
 And is there then no saving clause
 Against tyrannic sway?

S O N G,

VALENTINE'S-DAY.

WHEN blushes dy'd the cheeks of morn,
 And dew-drops glisten'd on the thorn :
 When skylarks tun'd their carrols sweet,
 To hail the God of light and heat ;
Philander, from his downy bed,
 'To fair *Lisetta's* chamber sped,
 Crying—Awake, sweet love of mine,
 I'm come to be thy *Valentine*.

Soft love, that balmy sleep denies,
 Had long avail'd her brilliant eyes.
 Which (that a kiss she might obtain)
 She artfully had clos'd again :
 He sunk, thus caught in beauty's trap,
 Like *Phæbus* into *Thetis'* lap,
 And near forgot that his design,
 Was but to be her *Valentine*.

She, starting, cry'd—I am undone,
Philander, charming youth, be gone !
 For this time, to your vows sincere,
 Make virtue, not your love appear :
 No sleep has clos'd these watchful eyes
 (Forsake the simple fond disguise ;)
 To generous thoughts, your heart incline,
 To be my faithful *Valentine*.

The brutal passion sudden fled,
 Fair honour govern'd in its stead,
 And both agreed, ere setting sun,
 To join two virtuous hearts in one ;
 Their beauteous offspring soon did prove
 The sweet effects of mutual love ;
 And, from that hour to life's decline,
 She bless'd the day of *Valentine*.



S O N G,

COWDEN KNOWS.

WHEN summer comes, the swains on Tweed,
 Sung their successful loves :
 Around the ewes and lambkins feed,
 And music fills the groves :
 But my lov'd song is then the broom,
 So fair on Cowden Knows :
 For sure so sweet, so fair a bloom,
 Elsewhere there never grows.

There Colin tun'd his oaten reed,
 And won my yielding heart :
 No shepherd e'er that dwelt on Tweed,
 Could play with half such art ;
 He sung of Tay, of Forth, and Clyde.
 The hills and dales all round,
 Of Leader-haughs, and Leader-side :
 Oh ! how I blest the sound.

Yet more delightful is the broom,
 So fair on Cowden Knows;
 For sure so fresh, so bright a bloom,
 Elsewhere there never grows.
 Not Tiviot Braes so green and gay,
 May with this broom compare;
 Not Yarrow banks in flow'ry May,
 Nor bush aboon Traquair.

More pleasing far are Cowden Knows,
 My peaceful happy home;
 Where I was wont to milk my ewes,
 At eve among the broom:
 Ye pow'rs that haunt the woods and plains,
 Where Tweed and Tiviot flows;
 Convey me to the best of swains,
 And my lov'd Cowden Knows.

S O N G.

Written by the Earl of Chesterfield,

WHEN *Fanny*, blooming fair;
 First caught my ravish'd sight,
 Pleas'd with her shape and air;
 I felt a strange delight;
 Whilst eagerly I gaz'd,
 Admiring ev'ry part,
 And ev'ry feature prais'd,
 She stole into my heart.

In her bewitching eyes
 Ten thousand loves appear ;
 There Cupid basking lies,
 His shafts are hoarded there.
 Her blooming cheeks are dy'd
 With colour all their own,
 Excelling far the pride
 Of roses newly blown.

Her well turn'd limbs confess
 The lucky hand of Jove ;
 Her features all express
 The beauteous Queen of Love.
 What flames my nerves invade,
 When I behold the breast
 Of that too charming maid
 Rife, suing to be prest ?

Venus round *Fanny's* waist,
 Has her own cestus bound,
 Three guardian Cupids grace,
 And dance the circle round.
 How happy must he be
 Who shall her Zone unloose ?
 That bliss to all, but me,
 May heaven and she refuse !

S O N G.

STREPHON OF THE HILL.

LET others *Damon's* praise rehearse,
 Or *Colin's* at their will ;
 I mean to sing in rustic verse,
 Young *Strephon* of the Hill.

As once I sat beneath the shade,
 Beside a purling rill ;
 Who should my solitude invade,
 But *Strephon* of the Hill.

He tap'd my shoulder, snatch'd a kiss ;
 I could not take it ill ;
 For nothing sure is done amiss
 By *Strephon* of the Hill.

Consent, O lovely maid ! he cry'd,
 Nor aim thy swain to kill ;
 Consent this day to be the bride
 Of *Strephon* of the Hill.

Observe the doves on yonder spray,
 See how they sit and bill ;
 So sweet your time shall pass away
 With *Strephon* of the Hill.

We went to church with hearty glee,
 O love propitious still !
 May every nymph be blest, like me,
 With *Strephon* of the Hill.

S O N G.

THE MARINERS.

WE be three poor Mariners,
 Newly come from the seas,
 We spend our lives in jeopardy,
 While others live at ease.
 Shall we go dance the round,
 While others live at ease,
 And he that is a bully boy,
 Come pledge me on this ground.

We care not for those martial men,
 That do our states disdain.
 But we care for those merchant-men,
 That do our states maintain,
 To them we dance this round,
 And he that is a bully gay,
 Come pledge me on this ground.



S O N G.

*The Favourite Hunting Song, in the Medley, or Har-
 lequin Every Where.*

GIVE round the word dismount, dismount,
 While echoed by the sprightly horn;
 The toils and pleasures we recount,
 Of this sweet health inspiring morn.

CHORUS.

'Twas glorious sport, none e'er did lag,
 Nor drew amiss, nor made a stand ;
 But all as firmly kept their pace,
 As had *Actæon* been the stag,
 And we had hunted by command
 Of the goddess of the chase.
 And we had hunted by command
 Of the goddess of the chase.

The hounds were out and snuff'd the air,
 And scarce had reach'd the appointed spot
 But pleas'd they heard a layer, a layer,
 And presently drew on the slot.

'Twas glorious sport, &c.

And now o'er yonder plain he fleets,
 The deep mouth'd hounds begin to bawl ;
 And echo note for note repeats,
 While sprightly horns resound a call.

'Twas glorious sport, &c.

And now the stag has lost his pace,
 And while war-haunch the huntsman cries ;
 His bosom swells, tears wet his face,
 He pants, he struggles, and he dies.

'Twas glorious sport, &c.

S O N G.

BONNY JAMIE O.

WHERE new mown hay on winding Tay,
 The sweets of spring discloses,
 As I one morning singing lay,
 Upon a bank of roses ;
 Young *Jamie* whisking o'er the mead,
 By gued luk chanc'd to spy me,
 He took his bonnet off his head,
 And fastly fat down by me.
 My bonny, bonny *Jamie* O,
 My bonny, bonny *Jamie* O.
 I care not tho' the world should know,
 How dearly I love *Jamie* O.

The swain tho' I right meickle prize,
 Yet now I wad na ken him ;
 But with a frown my heart disguis'd,
 And strave away to fend him :
 But fondly he still nearer prest,
 And at my feet down lying ;
 His beating heart it thumpt fae fast,
 I thought the lad was dying.
 My bonny, bonny *Jamie* O, &c.

But still resolving to deny,
 And angry passion feigning ;
 I atter roughly shot him by,
 With words fow of disdainng :
 He seiz'd my hand and nearer drew,
 And gently chiding a my pride ;
 So sweetly did the shepherd woo,
 I blushing vow'd to be his bride.
 My bonny, bonny *Jamie O*, &c.



S O N G,

BACCHANALIAN JOYS DEFEATED.

WHILE I'm at the tavern quaffing,
 Well disposed for t'other quart ;
 Come's my wife to spoil my laughing,
 Telling me 'tis time to part ;
 Words I knew were unavailing,
 Yet I sternly answer'd no !
 'Till from motives more prevailing,
 Sitting down she treads my toe.

Such kind tokens to my thinking,
 Most emphatically prove ;
 That the joys which flow from drinking,
 Are averse to those of love ;
 Farewel friends and t'other bottle,
 Since i can no longer stay ;
 Love, more learn'd 'han *Aristotle*,
 Has to move me found the way.

S O N G.

PRAISE OF LOVE.

NEVER till now I knew love's smart,
 Guess who it was that stole away my heart
 'Twas only you, if you'll believe me.
 'Twas only you, &c.

Since that I've felt love's fatal pow'r,
 Heavy has pass'd each anxious hour,
 If not with you, if you'll believe me,
 If not with you, &c.

Honour and wealth no joys can bring,
 Nor I be happy, tho' a king,
 If not with you, if you'll believe me,
 If not with you, &c.

When from this world I'm call'd away,
 For you alone I'd wish to stay,
 For you alone, if you'll believe me,
 For you alone, &c.

Grave on my tomb, where'er I am laid,
 Here lies one who lov'd but one maid,
 That's only you, if you'll believe me.
 That's only you, &c.

S O N G,

WHILST happy is my native land,
 I boast my country's charter;
 I'll never basely lend my hand,
 Her liberties to barter:
 The noble mind is not at all,
 By poverty degraded;
 'Tis guilt alone can make us fall,
 And well I am persuaded,
 Each freeborn Briton's song shall be,
 Or give me death or liberty,
 Or give me death, &c.

Tho' small the power which fortune grants,
 And few the gifts she sends us;
 The lordly hireling often wants,
 That freedom which defends us:
 By law secur'd from lawless strife,
 Our house is our castellum;
 Thus blest'd with all that's dear in life,
 For lucre shall we sell them.
 No, ev'ry Briton's song should be,
 Give me death or liberty.
 Give me death, &c.

S O N G,

ADMIRAL BEIBOW.

O WE sail'd to Virginia, and thence to New
 York,
 Where we water'd our shipping, and so weigh'd
 then all,
 Full in view on the seas, seven sail we did 'see
 O we manned our captern, and weigh'd speedily.

The first two we came up with, were brigantine
 floops,
 We ask'd if the other five were as big as they
 look'd,
 But turning to windward, as near as we could lie,
 We found they were French men of war cruizing
 hard by.

We took our leave of them, and made quick dis-
 patch,
 And we steer'd our course to the island of Vache,
 But turning to windward, as near as we could lie,
 On the fourteenth of August, ten sail we did 'spy.

They hoisted their pendants, and their colours
 they spread,
 And they hoisted their bloody flag, on the main
 topmast head,
 Then we hoisted our jack flag, at the mizen peck
 So brought up our squadron, in a line most com-
 plete.

O we drew up our Squadron, in a very nice line,
 And fought them courageous, for four hours time;
 But the day being spent boys, and night coming on,
 We let them alone till the very next morn.

The very next morning the engagement prov'd
 hot

And brave Admiral *Benbow* receiv'd a chain shot;
 O when he was wounded, to his men he did say,
 Take me up in your arms boys, and carry me away.

O the guns they did rattle, and the bullets did fly,
 While brave Admiral *Benbow* for help loud did
 cry,

Carry me to the cockpit, and soon ease my smart,
 If my men they should see me, 'twill sure break
 their heart.

And there Captain *Kirk* prov'd a coward at last,
 And with *Wade* played at bopeep, behind the
 mainmast,

And there they did stand boys, and quiver, and
 shake,

For fear that those French dogs their lives they
 should take.

The very next morning, at break of the day,
 We hoisted our topsails, and so bore away,
 We bore to Port Royal, where the people flock'd
 much,

To see Admiral *Benbow*, carried to Kingston Town
 church

Come all ye brave fellows, wherever you have
 been,
 Let us drink a health to great George our King,
 And another good health to the girls that we
 know,
 And a third in remembrance of Admiral *Benbow*.



S O N G.

Sung in Selima and Azor.

THESE Spirits they'd make us to fear,
 Are generous, harmless and gay,
 And they give us such excellent cheer,
 I'd visit them every day.
 For I like their treat,
 Their wine, their meat,
 And I'm merry and blithe as they.
 I'm merry, &c.

Tho' I can't like a nightingale sing,
 For once turn your ears to a jay;
 For if wine will make winter like spring,
 Why not make me warble, I pray.
 For I like your treat,
 Your wine, your meat,
 And I'm merry, and blithe, and gay.

Scorn'd and heated may they be,
 Who from constancy do swerve;
 So may ev'ry nymph agree
 All such faithful swains to serve.



S O N G.

Sung in Cymon.

THIS cold flinty heart, it is you who have
 warm'd,

You waken'd my passions, my senses have charm'd,
 In vain against merit and *Cymon* I strove,
 What's life without passion, sweet passion of love.

The frost nips the bud, and the rose cannot blow,
 From youth that is frost nipt, no raptures can
 flow,

Elysium to him, but a desert will prove,
 What's life without passion, sweet passion of love.

The spring should be warm, the young season be
 gay,

Her birds and her flow'rets, make blithsome sweet
 May;

Love blesses the cottage, and sings thro' the grove.
 What's life without passion, sweet passion of love;

S O N G,

Sung by Mr. Ryder, in the Castle of Andalusia.

AIR—PEDRILLO.

A MASTER I have and I am his man,
 Gallop'ing dreary dun,
 And he'll get a wife as fast as he can,
 With a haily,
 Gaily,
 Gambo raily,
 Giggling,
 Niggling,
 Gallop'ing galloway, draggle-tail dreary dun.

I saddled his steed, so fine and so gay,
 Gallop'ing dreary dun:
 I, mounted my mule, and we rode away,
 With our haily, &c.

We canter'd along until it grew dark,
 Gallop'ing dreary dun;
 The nightingale sung instead of the lark,
 With her haily, &c.

We met with a friar, and ask'd him our way,
 Gallop'ing dreary dun;
 By the Lord, says the Friar, you are both astray,
 With your haily, &c.

Our journey, I fear, will do us no good,
 Galloping dreary dun;
 We wander alone, like the babes i' the wood,
 With our haily, &c.

My master's a fighting, and I'll take a peep,
 Galloping dreary dun;
 But now I think better—I better go to sleep,
 With my haily, &c.



S O N G,

Sung in the Wedding Night.

WHEN up to London first I came,
 An awkward country booby;
 I gap'd and star'd, and did the same
 As ev'ry country looby.
 With countenance demurely set,
 I don't my hat to all I met,
 With, "Zur, your humble servant."

Alas! too soon I got a wife,
 And proud of such a blessing,
 The joy and business of my life
 Was kissing and caressing.
 'Twas "Charmer! Sweeting! Duck and Dove."
 And I o'er head and ears in love,
 Was Cupid's humble servant.

But when the honey-moon was past,
 Adieu to tender speeches!
 Ma'am lov'd quadrille, and lost too fast,
 I swore I'd wear the breeches.
 I storm in vain ; restraint she hates :
 " Adieu," she cries, " the chariot waits ;"
 " My dear, your humble servant."

She's gone, poor girl, and in my cot,
 With friend and bottle smiling,
 (Not envious of a higher lot)
 The tedious hours beguiling.
 If care peeps in, I'm busy then,
 I nod, desire he'll call again,
 And am his humble servant.

Since life's a jest, as wise ones say,
 'Tis best employ'd in laughing ;
 And come what frowning cares there may,
 My antidote is quaffing.
 I'm ever jovial, gay, and free,
 For this is my philosophy ;
 And so your humble servant.

S O N G,

Sung in Love in a Village.

LET the gay ones and great
 Make the most of their fate ;
 From pleasure to pleasure they run ;
 Well, who cares a jot ?
 I envy them not,
 While I have my dog and my gun.

For exercise, air,
 To the fields I repair,
 With spirits unclouded and light :
 The blisses I find,
 No stings leave behind,
 But health and diversion unite.



S O N G.

COME bustle, bustle, drink about,
 And let us merry be,
 Our can is full, we'll pump it out,
 And then all hands to sea.

And a smiling we will go.

K

Fine Miss at dancing-school is taught,
 'The minuet to tread,
 But we go better when we've brought
 The fore-tack to cat-head.

The Jockeys call'd to horse, to horse,
 And swiftly rides the race,
 But swifter far we shape our course,
 When we are giving chace.

When horns and shouts the forest rend,
 His pack the huntsman cheers ;
 As loud we hollow when we send
 A broadside to Monfieurs.

The What's their names, at uproar squall,
 With music fine and soft,
 But better sounds our Boatswain's call,
 All hands, all hands aloft !

With gold and silver streamers fine
 The ladies rigging shew,
 But English ships more grander shine,
 When prizes home we tow.

What's got at sea we spend on shore,
 With sweethearts or our wives ;
 And then, my boys, hoist sail for more,
 Thus pass the sailors lives.

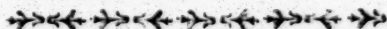
And a sailing we will go.

S O N G.

Sung in Thomas and Sally.

THE echoing horn calls the sportsmen abroad,
 To horse, my brave boys, and away;
 The morning is up, and the cry of the hounds
 Upbraids our too tedious delay.
 What pleasure we find in pursuing the fox!
 O'er hill and o'er valley he flies;
 Then follow, we'll soon overtake him, huzza!
 The traitor is seiz'd on and dies.

Triumphant returning at night with the spoil,
 Like Bacchanals, shouting and gay,
 How sweet with the bottle and lads to refresh,
 And lose the fatigues of the day!
 With sport, love, and wine, fickle fortune defy:
 Dull wisdom all happiness sours:
 Since life is no more than a passage at best,
 Let's strew the way over with flow'rs.



S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Vernon.

COME ye lads who wish to shine,
 Bright in future story,
 Haste to arms and form the line
 That leads to martial glory.

C H O R U S.

*Charge the musket, point the lance,
Brave the worst of dangers ;
Tell the blustering sons of France,
That we to fear are strangers.*

Britain, when the lion's rous'd,
And the flag is rearing,
Always finds her sons dispos'd
To drub the foe that's daring.

Charge the musket, &c.

Hearts of oak with speed advance ;
Pour your naval thunder,
On the trembling shores of France,
And strike the world with wonder.

Charge the musket, &c.

Honour for the brave to share,
Is the noblest booty ;
Guard your coasts, protect the fair ;
For that's a foldier's duty.

Charge your musket, &c.

What if Spain should take their parts,
And form a base alliance ?
All unite and English hearts,
May bid the world defiance.

S O N G.

Sung in the Duenna.

O The days when I was young !
 When I laugh'd in fortune's spight,
 Talked of love the whole day long,
 And with nectar crown'd the night.
 Then it was old father care,
 Little reck'd I of thy frown ;
 Half thy malice youth could bear,
 And the rest a bumper drown.

O the days, &c.

Truth they say, lies in a well ;
 Why, I vow, I ne'er could see,
 Let the water drinkers tell,
 There it always lay for me.
 For when sparkling wine went round,
 Never saw I falshood's mask ;
 But still the honest truth I found
 In the bottom of each flask.

O the days, &c.

True, at length, my vigour's flown,
 I have years to bring decay ;
 Few the locks that now I own,
 And the few I have are grey.
 Yet, old Jerome, thou may'st boast,
 While thy spirits do not tire ;
 Still beneath thy age's frost
 Glows a spark of youthful fire.

O the days, &c.

S O N G.

Sung in Alfred.

WHEN *Britain* first, at Heaven's command,
 Arose from out the azure main;
 Arose, &c.

This was the charter, the charter of the land,
 And guardian angels sung the strain;
 Rule *Britania*, *Britania* rule the waves.
 For *Britons* never will be slaves,

The nations not so blest as thee,
 Must, in their turns, to tyrants fall;
 Must in, &c.

Whilst thou shalt flourish, shalt flourish great and
 free,
 The dread and envy of them all.
 Rule *Britania*, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
 More dreadful from each foreign stroke,
 More dreadful, &c.
 As the loud blast that tears the skies,
 Serves but root thy native oak,
 Rule, *Britania*, &c.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame ;
 All their attempts to bend thee down ;
 All their, &c.
 Will but arouse, arouse thy gen'rous flame,
 And work their woe, and thy renown.
 Rule, *Britania*, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign,
 Thy cities shall with commerce shine ;
 Thy cities, &c.
 And thine shall be, shall be the subject main,
 And ev'ry shore it circles, thine.
 Rule, *Baitania*, &c.

The Muses, still with freedom sound,
 Shall to thy happy coast repair ;
 Shall to thy happy coast repair.
 Blest isle ! with beauties, with matchless beauties
 crown'd,
 And manly hears to guard the fair.
 Rule *Britania*, *Britania* rule the waves,
 For *Britons* never will be slaves.



S O N G.

THE wand'ring sailor ploughs the main,
 A competence in life to gain ;
 Undaunted braves the stormy seas,
 To find at last content and ease ;
 In hopes, when toil and danger's o'er,
 To anchor on his native shore.

When winds blows hard, and mountains roll,
 And thunders shake from pole to pole ;
 Tho' deathful waves surrounding foam,
 Still flatt'ring fancy wafts him home ;
 In hopes, when toil and dangers o'er,
 To anchor on his native shore.

When round the bowl the jovial crew
 The early scenes of youth renew ;
 Tho' each his fav'rite fair will boast,
 This is the universal toast !
 May we, when toil and danger's o'er,
 Cast anchor on his native shore.



S O N G,

THE dusky night rides down the sky,
 And ushers in the morn ;
 The hounds all join in jovial cry,
 The huntsman winds his horn.

Chorus. And a hunting we will go, &c.

The wife around her husband throws
 Her arms to make him stay ;
 My dear, it rains, it hails, it snows !
 You cannot hunt to day.

Cho. Yet a hunting we will go, &c.

Away they fly to 'scape the rout,
Their steeds they soundly switch ;
Some are thrown in, some are thrown out,
And some are thrown in the ditch.

Cho. Yet a hunting we will go, &c.

At last from strength to faintness worn,
Poor Reynard ceases flight ;
Then, weary, homeward we return.
And drink away the night.

Cho. And a drinking we will go, &c.



S O N G.

THE CHAISE-MARINE.

MY dearest life, were thou my wife,
How happy should I be !
And all my care in peace and war,
Should be to pleasure thee.
When up and down, from town to town,
We jolly foldiers rove ;
Then yon, my queen, in chaise-marine,
Shall move like queen of love.

Your love I'd prize beyond the skies,
Beyond the spoils of wars ;
Would'st thou agree to follow me,
In humble baggage-car,

For happiness, tho' in distress,
 In soldiers wives are seen ;
 And pride in coach has more reproach
 Than love in chaise-marine.

Oh ! do not hold your love in gold,
 Nor set your heart on gain ;
 Behold the great, with all their state,
 Their lives are care and pain :
 In house or tent, I pay no rent,
 Nor care nor trouble see :
 But ev'ry day I get my pay,
 And spend it merrily.

Love not those knave's, great fortune's slaves,
 Who lead ignoble lives :
 Nor deign to smile on men so vile,
 Who fight none but their wives,
 For *Britain's* right and you we fight,
 And ev'ry ill defy ;
 Should but the fair reward our care,
 With love and constancy.

If sighs, nor groans, nor tender moans,
 Can win your harden'd heart ;
 Let love in arms, with all his charms,
 Then take a soldier's part.
 With fife and drum the soldiers come,
 And all the pomp of war ;
 Then don't think mean of chaise-marine,
 'Tis love triumphant car.

S O N G.

THE JOVIAL SEAMEN,

HOW little do the landsmen know
 Of what we sailors feel,
 When waves do mount and winds do blow ;
 But we have hearts of steel :
 No danger can afright us,
 No enemy shall flout :
 We'll make the monsieur right us ;
 So tofs the cann about.

Stick close to orders, messmates,
 We'll plunder, burn, and sink,
 Then France have at your first-rates ;
 For Britons never shrink :
 We'll rummage all we fancy,
 We'll bring them in by scores,
 And Moll, and Kate, and Nancy,
 Shall roll in louis-d'ors.

While here at Deal we're lying
 With our noble commodore,
 We'll spend our wages freely boys,
 And then to sea for more ;
 In peace we'll drink and sing boys,
 In war we'll never fly ;
 Here's a health to George our king, boys,
 And the royal family.

S O N G,

Sung in the Padlock.

WAS I a shepherd's maid, to keep
On yonder plains a flock of sheep,
Well pleas'd, I'd watch the live-long day
My ewes at feed, my lambs at play:
But would some bird that pity brings,
And for a moment lend its wings;
My parent they might rave and scold,
My guardian strive my will to hold;
Their words are harsh, his walls are high,
But spite of all, away I'd fly.



S O N G,

Sung in the School for Scandal,

HERE's to the maid of bashful fifteen.
Likewise to the widow of fifty;
Here's to the bold and extravagant queen,
And here's to the housewife that's thrifty,
Let the toast pass,
Drink to the last,
I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

And see now he rises in splendor how bright,
 I, O, Pæan for Phœbus the god of delight ;
 All glorious in beauty now v. with the night,
 Then mount boys to horse and away.
 What raptures can equal the joy of the chase,
 Health, bloom, and contentment appear in each
 face,
 And in our swift courfers what beauty and grace
 While we the fleet stag do pursue.
 At the deep and harmonious sweet cry of the
 hounds,
 Struck by terror he bursts from the forest's wide
 bounds,
 And tho' like the light'ning he darts o'er the grounds
 Yet still boys we keep him in view.

When chac'd, till quite spent, he his life does re-
 sign,
 Our victim we'll offer at Bacchus's shrine,
 And revel in honour of Nimrod divine,
 That hunter so mighty of fame ;
 Our glasses then charge to our country and king,
 Love and Beauty we'll charge to, and jovially sing,
 Wishing health and success 'till we make the house
 ring,
 To all sportsmen and sons of the game.

S , O N G.

I Winna marry ony mon but Sandy o'er the Lee,
I winna ha the Domminee for gued he canna be,
But I will ha my Sandy lad, my Sandy o'er the Lee.
For he's aye a kissing, kissing, aye a kissing me.

I will not have the minister for all his godly looks,
Nor yet will I the lawyer have, for all his wily
crooks:

I will not have the plowman lad, nor yet will I
the miller,
But I will have my Sandy lad, without one penny
filler.

For he's aye a kissing, &c.

I will not have the foldier lad, for he gangs to
the war,

I will not have the sailor lad, because he smells
of tar:

I will not have the lord nor laird for all their
meikle gear,

But I will have my Sandy lad, my Sandy o'er the
meir.

For he's aye a kissing, &c.

S O N G.

Sung in Artaxerxes.

LET not rage, thy bosom firing,
Pity's softer claim remove :
Spare a heart that's just expiring,
Forc'd by duty, rack'd by love.

Each ungentle thought suspending,
Judge of mine by thy soft breast ;
Nor with rancour never ending,
Heap fresh sorrows on th' oppress'd.

Let not rage, thy bosom firing,
Pity's softer claim remove :
Spare a heart that's just expiring,
Forc'd by duty, rack'd by love.

Heav'n, that ev'ry joy has cross'd,
Ne'er my wretched state can mend ;
I, alas, at once have lost
Father, brother, lover, friend !

Let not rage, thy bosom firing,
Pity's softer claim remove :
Spare a heart that's just expiring,
Forc'd by duty, rack'd by love.

S O N G.

A HUNTING SONG.

AWAY to the field, see the morning looks
 gray,
 And, sweetly bedappled, forbodes a fine day ;
 The hounds are all eager the sport to embrace,
 And carol aloud to be led to the chace.

Then hark in the morn, to the call of the horn,
 And join with the jovial crew,
 While the season invites, with all its delights,
 The health-giving chace to pursue.

How charming the sight when Aurora first dawns,
 To see the bright beagles spread over the lawns ;
 To welcome the sun, now returning from rest,
 Their mattins they chant as they merrily quest.
 Then hark in the morn, &c.

But oh ! how each bosom with transport it fills,
 To start just as Phœbus peeps over the hills ;
 While joyous, from valley to valley resounds
 The shouts of the hunters and cry of the hounds.
 Then hark in the morn, &c.

See how the brave hunters with courage elate,
 Fly hedges or ditches, or top the barr'd gate ;
 Born by their bold courfers no danger they fear,
 And give to the winds all vexation and care.
 Then hark in the morn, &c.

Ye cits for the chace quit the joys of the town,
 And scorn the dull pleasures of sloth in down;
 Uncertain your toil, or for honour or wealth,
 Ours still is repaid with contentment and health.
 Then hark in the morn, &c.

S O N G,

THE STORM.

CEASE rude Boreas, blustering railer,
 Lift ye landsmen all to me,
 Messmates hear a brother sailer,
 Sing the dangers of the sea;
 From bounding billows, first in motion,
 When the distant whirlwinds rise,
 To the tempest troubled ocean,
 Where the seas contend with skies.

Hark the boatswain hoarsely bawling,
 By topfail sheets, and haultards stand,
 Down top-gallants quick be hauling,
 Down your stay-fails, hands boys, hand!
 Now it freshens, set the braces,
 The lee-top-fail-sheets let go,
 Luff, boys, luff, don't make wry faces,
 Up your top-fails nimbly clew.

Now all you on down beds sporting,
 Fondly lock'd in beauty's arms,
 Fresh enjoyment wanton courting,
 Safe from all but love's alarms :
 Round us roars the tempest louder,
 Think what fears our mind enthrall ;
 Harder yet, it yet blows harder,
 Hark again the boatswain's call.

The top-sail yards point to the wind boys,
 See all clear to reef each course,
 Let the fore-sheet go, don't mind boys,
 Tho' the weather should be worse,
 Fore and aft the sprit-sail yard get,
 Reef the mizen, see all clear,
 Hands up, each preventer brace set,
 Man the fore-yard, cheer, lads, cheer.

Now the dreadful thunder roaring,
 Peals on peals contending clash,
 On our heads fierce rain falls pouring,
 In our eyes blue lightnings flash ;
 One wide water all around us,
 All above us one black sky ;
 Different deaths at once surround us,
 Hark ! what means yon dreadful cry.

The fore-mast's gone ! cries every tongue out,
 O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck ;
 A leak beneath the chest-tree's sprung out,
 Call all hands to clear the wreck.

Quick, the lanyards cut to pieces,
Come my hearts be stout and bold !
Plumb the well ; the leak increafes,
Four feet water's in the hold.

While o'er the fhip wild waves are beating,
We for wives or children mourn ;
Alas from hence there's no retreating,
Alas, to them there's no return :
Still the leak is gaining on us,
Both chain pumps are choak'd below,
Heav'n have mercy here upon us !
For only that can fave us now.

On the lee-beam is the land boys,
Let the guns o'er board be thrown,
To the pump come ev'ry hand boys ;
See our mizen maff is gone :
The leak we've found, it can't pour faft,
We've lighten'd her a foot or more ;
Up and rig a jury fore-maff ;
She rights, fhe rights boys, ware off fhore.

Now once more on joys we're thinking,
Since kind fortune fav'd our lives ;
Come, the cann boys, let's be drinking,
To our fweet-hearts and our wives,
Fill it up, about fhip wheel it,
Close to th' lips a brimmer join ;
Where's the tempeft now, who feels it,
None, our danger's drown'd in wine.

S O N G.

Sung in the Duenna.

HAD I a heart for falshood fram'd,
 I ne'er could injure you:
 For tho' your tongue no promise claim'd,
 Your charms would make me true.

To you no foul shall bear deceit,
 No stranger offer wrong:
 But friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,
 And lovers in the young.

But when they learn that you have blest
 Another with your heart,
 They'll bid aspiring passion rest,
 And act a brother's part.

Then, lady, dread not here deceit,
 Nor fear to suffer wrong:
 For friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,
 And brothers in the young.

S O N G,

A HUNTING SONG.

DO you hear, brother sportsman, the sound
 of the horn,
 And yet the sweet pleasure decline ;
 For shame, rouse your senses, and, ere it is morn,
 With me the sweet melody join.

Thro' the wood and the valley the traitor we'll
 rally,
 Nor quit him till panting he lies ;
 While hounds, in full cry, thro' hedges shall
 fly,
 And chase the swift hare till she dies.

Then saddle your steed, to the meadows and
 fields,
 Both willing and joyous repair ;
 No pastime in life greater happiness yields
 Than chasing the fox and the hare.

For such comforts, my friend, on the sportsman
 attend,
 No pleasure like hunting is found,
 For when it is o'er, as brisk as before,
 Next morning we spurn up the ground.

S O N G.

HEARTS OF OAK.

COME, cheer up, my lads, 'tis to glory we
steer,
To add something new to this wonderful year;
To honour we call you, not press you like slaves;
For who are so free as the sons of the waves?

CHORUS.

*Hearts of oak are our ships, hearts of oak are our men.
We always are ready,
Steady boys, steady;
We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.*

We ne'er see our foes, but we wish them to
stay;
They never see us but they wish us away;
If they run, why we follow, and run them ashore,
For if they won't fight us, we cannot do more.

'They swear they'll invade us, these terrible foes,
'They'll frighten our women, our children and
beaus:
But should their flat bottoms in darkness get o'er,
Still Britons they'll find to receive them ashore.

We'll still make them run, and we'll still make
 them sweat,
 In spite of the devil, and Bruffels Gazette ;
 Then cheer up my lads, with one voice let us sing,
 Our soldiers, our sailors, our statesman and king.



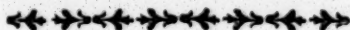
S O N G,

G U A R D I A N A N G E L S .

Guardian angels now protect me,
 Send me to the swain I love ;
 Cupid with thy bow direct me,
 Help me all ye powers above.
 Bear him my sighs, ye gentle breezes,
 Tell him I love, and I despair ;
 Tell him, for him I grieve,
 Say 'tis for him I live ;
 O may the shepherd be sincere !

Thro the shady groves I'll wander,
 Silent as the bird of night ;
 Near the brink of yonder fountain
 First *Leander* bless'd my sight ;
 Witness, ye groves and falls of water,
 Echoes, repeat the vows he swore :
 Can he forget me,
 Will he neglect me,
 Shall I never see him more !

Does he love and yet forsake me,
 To admire a nymph more fair?
 If 'tis so I'll wear the willow,
 And esteem the happy pair.
 Some lonely cave I'll make my dwelling,
 Ne'er more the cares of life pursue:
 The lark and Philomel
 Only shall hear me tell
 What makes me bid the world adieu.



S O N G.

Sung in the Miller of Mansfield.

HOW happy a state does the miller possess,
 Who would be no greater, nor fears to be
 less.

On his mill and himself he depends for support,
 Which is better than servilely cringing at court.
 Which is, &c.

What tho' he all dusty and whiten'd does go,
 The more he is powder'd, the more like a beau;
 A clown in his dress may be honest far,
 Than a courtier who struts in his garter and star.

Tho' his hands are so daub'd they're not fit to be
 seen,

The hands of his betters are not very clean;
 A palm more polite may as dirtily deal,
 Gold in handling will stick to the fingers like meal.

What then, if a pudding for dinner he lacks,
 He cribs without scruple from other mens sacks;
 In this sort of right noble example he brags,
 Who borrow as freely from other mens bags.

Or should he endeavour to heap an estate,
 In this too he mimics the tools of the state;
 Whose aim is alone their own coffers to fill,
 As all his concern's to bring grist to his mill.

He eats when he's hungry, and drinks when he's
 dry,
 And down when he's weary contented does lie;
 Then rises up cheerful to work and to sing;
 If so happy a miller, then who'd be a king?

S O N G,

A MACARONI ODE

LITTLE Muses come and cry;
 Put your finger in your eye;
 Join the Macaroni kind,
 Demn the weather, demn the wind.

Winds that rumple powder'd hair,
 Winds that fright the feather'd fair,
 Winds that blow our hats away,
 And rudely with our ruffles play.

Winds that drown the gentle note,
Fritter'd through a gentle throat ;
Winds that clouds around us throw,
And spoil the glitter of our show.

Demn the winds that us have stirr'd,
On Friday, June the twenty-third,
To plague the Macaroni kind :
Demn the rain, and demn the wind.



S O N G.

Sung in the Devil to Pay.

COME, jolly Bacchus, god of wine,
Crown this night with pleasure ;
Let none at cares of life repine,
To destroy our pleasure :
Fill up the mighty sparkling bowl,
That ev'ry true and loyal soul,
May drink and sing without controul,
To support our pleasure.

Thus, mighty Bacchus, shalt thou be
Guardian to our pleasure :
That under thy protection we
May enjoy new pleasure :
And as the hours glide away,
We'll in thy name invoke their stay,
And sing thy praises, that we may
Live and die with pleasure.

S O N G.

THE ADIEU.

FAREWELL to the meads and the fields,
 Where late so delighted I rov'd,
 Farewell ev'ry sweet, nature yields,
 I've lost the dear charmer I lov'd!

Farewell the delights of the spring,
 In beauty and health ever new,
 No more in your praise shall I sing,
 For Strephon thus bids you adieu!

For ever farewell to the shade,
 Where to Delia I tender'd my love,
 For ever farewell to the glade,
 Where she did my passion approve.

Farewell to the hill and the dale,
 To the grot and each pastoral view,
 Your charms can no longer prevail,
 And *Strephon* thus bids you adieu!

No more in the morning so gay,
 Shall *Strephon* trip over the lawn,
 No more sing his carols to May,
 Or rejoice in th' approach of the dawn;

For *Delia* alas ! is no more,
 My *Delia* so constant and true,
 Her loss I shall ever deplore,—
 For ever, for ever, adieu !

S O N G.

Sung in the Maid of the Mill.

FREE from sorrow, free from strife,
 O how blest the miller's life !
 Cheerful working thro' the day,
 Still he laughs and sings away.
 Nought can vex him,
 Nought perplex him,
 While there's grist to make him gay.

DUE T.

Let the great enjoy the blessings
 By indulgent fortune sent ;
 What can wealth, can grandeur offer
 More than plenty and content ?

CHORUS.

Free from sorrow, &c

S O N G,

Sung in the Agreeable Surprise.

IN *Jacky Bull*, when bound for *France*,
 T he gossling you discover,
 But taught to ride, to fence and dance,
 A finish'd goose comes over.
 With his tierce and carte,—fa ! fa !
 And his cotillon so smart,—ha ! ha !
 He charms each female heart,—oh la !
 As *Jacky* returns from *Dover*.

For cocks and dogs see 'squire at home,
 The prince of country tonies !
 Return'd from *Paris*, *Spa*, or *Rome*,
 Our 'squire's a nice Adonis !
 With his tierce and carte,—fa ! fa !
 And his cotillon so smart,—ha ! ha !
 He charms the female heart,—oh la !
 The pink of Macaronies !

This knife the gift of lovely Sally,
 I still have kept it for her sake;
 A thousand times in am'rous folly,
 Thy name I've carv'd upon the deck:
 Again this happy pledge returns
 To shew how truly Thomas burns.

How truly burns for Sally.

This thimble did'st thou give to Sally,
 While this I see I think on you;
 Then why does Tom stand shilly shally,
 While yonder steeple is in view.
 Tom never to occasion blind,
 Now took her in the willing mind.

And went to church with Sally.



S O N G.

KISS MY BONNY MOU'.

A S I was ganging o'er the lee,
 I chanc'd to look behind,
 And wa right glancing shu'd I see
 But woodland Joe the hind.
 When we had gang'd the braes awhile.
 He said to me my dow,
 May I not sit upon this stile
 And kiss your bonny mou',

Kind Sir, ye are a wee mista'en,
For I am nane of these.

I hope ye some more breeding ken,
Then ruffle lasses claiths.

The lad was check'd, and vow'd to seek
Young Jane wi' blithsome brow,
She'd let him clasp her round the neck,
And kifs her bonny mou'.

I ca'd him then proud-hearted swain,
And laith to be said nay :
A sonsey thought he started then,
And nam'd the wedding-day,
He's braw and blithe, I lik'd him weel,
Nor frown upon him now,
Tho' bolder grown, his vows to seal,
He kifs'd my bonny mou'.

TOASTS and SENTIMENTS.

The Volunteers of Ireland.

May the Public Spirit be supported by the Constitution,—and the Constitution be upheld with Public Spirit.

May the virtuous part of the Constitution prevail over the Corrupt.

The Exports of Ireland,—her Enemies the first.

May we draw upon Content for the deficiencies of Fortune.

The face that charms, and the heart that warms.

May the desires of our heart be virtuous and those desires gratified.

The cause of liberty throughout the world.

Constancy in Love, and sincerity in friendship,

May we be slaves to nothing but our duty, and friends to nothing but merit.

May temptation never conquer virtue.

Friendship without interest, and love without deceit.

Taste to our pleasure, and pleasure to our taste.

May our favourites be our friends, and our friends our favourites.

Liberty to those who dare contend for it.

Health and Contentment.

The sweets of Love, and joys of friendship.

May the honest heart never feel distress

Pleasures that please on Reflection.

Delicate Pleasures to susceptible Minds.

May life and love have equal date.

All we wish and want, and all our wants and wishes.

May we never want resolution to defend our independency, against the powerful attacks of unbridled ambition.

May contempt be the fate of such among us as strut in foreign foppery, to the destruction of the trade and manufactures of Ireland.

Universal Benevolence.

May we always have a friend and know his value.

Unity, stability, and fidelity, among the sons of liberty.

More power to our friends, and more sense to our enemies.

That candour and honesty may always be our governing principles.

Healths, hearts, homes, and inclinations.

May all great men be good, and all good men great.

'The honest patriot, and unbiass'd Irishman.

May the evening's diversion bear the morning's reflection.

May virtue always prove victorious.

Good luck till we are tired of it.

Love and friendship.

F I N I S.

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